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DIVERS AT HAMILTON BEACH.

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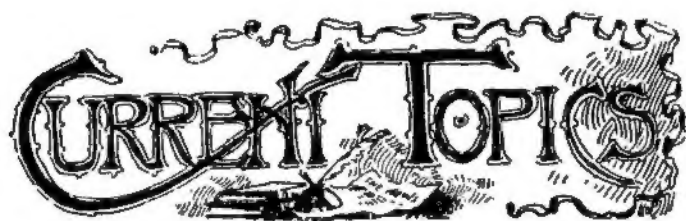
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3rd OCTOBER, 1891.



German Unity.

No more striking proof of the solidity and strength of the German Empire has been given than the recent reception accorded to the EMPEROR WILLIAM at Munich, by the people against whom his grandfather waged war five and twenty years ago. His visit was as the King of Prussia only—a guest, not a monarch, and he would, therefore, in any case have been tendered a courteous greeting; but the degree of enthusiasm with which he was everywhere welcomed, proved conclusively that the Bavarians were, one and all, willing members of the great Confederation. The continuous cheering that greeted him on all occasions, the arches and floral displays that ornamented the streets, were spontaneously from the people, including all classes of the citizens. When we note the difference in religion and language, and the active hostility of but a comparatively short time back, it appears unmistakable that the cordiality which so soon took the place of hatred is due solely to the military influences which permeate both nations, and which, when blended for warlike purposes, resulted in a community of interests which have quickly developed into national, or rather, imperial unity. The rapid development and growth of the German Empire forms one of the most interesting studies of the day, and seems to prove that one result of the military system in force there, and the continual interweaving of the army with the people, brings about a national spirit and a degree of unanimity unknown to nations whose armies are a distinct body raised solely by voluntary enlistment. The fusion of the several nations into the German Empire, and their zeal in its service are not the only proofs of this; the peoples of France and Russia, with armies raised by similar means, have the same strong national sentiment and complete unity of purpose in face of foreign menace or invasion.

Canada and the Chicago Exhibition.

The most curious spectacle of this year is the inconsistency of a great nation like the United States building up an enormous tariff wall all

around her, and practically telling other countries that she does not care two straws for their trade, while at the same time she is imploring them to aid her in making the Chicago Exhibition a success. They are entreated to send in samples of their industries, their fine arts, their historic relics; and at the same time the statute-book of their host shows legislation directly levelled at their manufactures and loading their goods with heavy financial burdens. In spite of this, however, it is evident that the merchants of England—and probably other great powers—will do their utmost to make their display an unusually fine one, and worthy of their country; the site for the British building has already been chosen, and is the finest on the ground. There is not the slightest doubt but the Exhibition as a whole will be the grandest affair of the sort ever attempted, and be a magnificent display of American skill and enterprise. Canada must not be behind hand in this matter. Although the attitude of our big neighbour has been almost persistently hostile, although MR. CULLOM, a Senator hailing from the very city that is now so anxious to see its friends from beyond the Republic, has publicly used language remarkable for its tone of bitterness against this country, we can afford to overlook these matters, and devote ourselves to making a display at Chicago in 1893 that will open the eyes of foreign visitors. It is not too early to commence preparations. The Government should take the matter in hand without delay, and official or local agents be employed throughout the Dominion in a systematic canvass of our merchants and manufacturers with the object of securing a thoroughly representative showing of Canadian skill and enterprise. If a creditable and just display is made of our vast resources, combined with information of the easy manner and terms upon which our public lands may be acquired, immigration is certain to result in large volume—not only from Britain, but from America itself, as well as other foreign lands. Many farmers in the Western States are even now beginning to see what a grand country the Canadian North-West is, how much less expensive to live in, and how superior are its institutions, both in social life and in system of government; many hundreds are exchanging Dakota for Manitoba. The Chicago Exhibition will be a splendid opportunity for practical demonstrations of the unrivalled excellence of Canada's western domain.

Prize Competitions.

We may state that the answers and MSS. received for the Question and Literary competitions are being examined as rapidly as possible, and we hope to be able to notify the successful contestants in a very few weeks.

A Brilliant Number.

The coming Christmas Number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be the most magnificent holiday souvenir ever issued in Canada. Splendid supplements, beautiful engravings, charming stories, sketches and poems will embellish this number. In literary features and artistic arrangement it will prove a source of the deepest pleasure to all. It will surpass the Christmas issue of last year, which was so heartily endorsed by the best critics throughout Canada.

Literary and Personal Notes.

"Ripples and Paddle Plashes," by E. Pauline Johnson, in *Outing* for October, is a delightfully breezy description of a ladies' canoe cruise upon Northern Ontario waters.

The October *Century* will contain a frontispiece portrait of Rudyard Kipling and an article on his work by Edmund Gosse. Mr. Gosse says that Kipling was born in Bombay in Christmas week 1865, and is therefore only in his twenty sixth year.

An interesting and valuable sketch of the civil war in Chili appears in the October number of the *North American Review*. It is written by Capt. Jose Ma Santa Cruz, late commander of the monitor Huascar. It gives the side of the successful Congress party by one of their most prominent leaders.

The late British Postmaster-General, Mr. Raikes, was usually to be found in his billiard room in the evening, resting from the labours of the day. On such occasion he always wore a postman's suit of dark serge, edged with red. He was a book lover, and his library contained many copies of the work of the mediæval printers.

Richard Harding Davis, the young author and editor, is a rather handsome fellow of medium height, with an athletic and well-knit figure. His features are clean cut, his eye bright, and he has the bearing of a well-bred gentleman. If the adulation with which he is at present being overwhelmed does not spoil him he may some day take high rank in the American world of letters.

The fact that John Wesley wrote on many subjects besides Methodism is well known. A copy of the twelfth edition, dated 1765, of his "Primitive Physick; or, an Easy and Natural Method of Curing Most Diseases," has turned up in America. One of its fifteen remedies for consumption is as follows: "Every morning cut up a little turf of the fresh earth, and, lying down, breathe into the hole for a quarter of an hour. I have known a deep consumption cured thus."

One of the most important articles of the month will be an article on James Russell Lowell by Edward Everett Hale in the October number of the *New England Magazine*. Dr. Hale is well known to all the world as a brilliant essayist, and the close intimacy which existed between him and the poet gives a personal interest to his article, which adds to its attractiveness. A fine portrait of Lowell in his study, taken just before his death, forms the frontispiece of the magazine.

A new feature of the *Cosmopolitan*, and one which is original with that magazine, is the publication each month in the form of foot notes, of a number of little portraits with brief biographies, of the writers of the various articles. However widely read one may be, there is apt to be something of information lacking regarding the vast number of writers who appear in the periodicals of the present day, so that these brief biographies and small portraits are proving very satisfactory to the average reader.

If imitation, writes Mr. Edmund Yates in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, be the sincerest flattery, then the hat to the British crown has not lost one scrap of popularity among the middle classes on the Continent. In Germany and Switzerland it rains Princes of Wales. It seems "Every short, stout, middle-aged man," we read, "wears a Homburg hat, and makes up generally after the great original. When, as is frequently the case, the attributes are grafted on a stock of distinctly Hebraic origin, the result is not so happy."

In October Thomas Wittaker will issue "The church of England in Nova Scotia, and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution," by the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton. Mr. Eaton is a Nova Scotian by birth, and for many years has made a special study of the history and legends of the country. His coming volume treats of the remarkable emigration from the American colonies to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick of between 30,000 and 40,000 loyalists, mainly members of the Church of England. Not only was this emigration an important event in itself, but it has never before been adequately treated in any history, a fact that greatly adds to the interest of Mr. Eaton's work. The history of the English church in Nova Scotia will be given, and the lives of some of the more prominent loyalist clergymen will be sketched.



DIVERS AT HAMILTON BEACH.

For more than a week a large force of men were busily engaged in raising the wreckage of a Hamilton & North-Western freight train that plunged over the south side of the canal at Hamilton Beach on August 31st. Two of the train's crew were drowned, and the engine, tender and nine cars loaded with coal went to the bottom of the canal in about twenty feet of water. Besides a large steam dredge, two divers were employed. Their duties consisted principally in donning their heavy waterproof suits and big metal helmets, going down to the bottom of the canal and fastening heavy chains around pieces of wreck, as shown in Mr. Arthur H. H. Heming's drawings on another page. The divers work alternate hours. When the diver has secured a piece of the wreck he mounts a ladder to the scow on which the air pumps, etc., are placed, and, sitting down, is speedily divested by two attendants of his diving suit. One of them lights a cigar for him, and he puffs away contentedly while the big dredge is raising the car trucks or boxes, as the case may be. As soon as the scow was loaded with wreckage a tug towed her up to Hamilton.

CHICOUTIMI, P.Q.

Chicoutimi is a flourishing town in the county of the same name, situated on the south shore of the River Saguenay, seventy-five miles from its mouth. It is a place much visited by tourists, and has grown considerably in the twenty-three years that have elapsed since the view which we reproduce was taken. It contains a large Roman Catholic church and convent, the official buildings of the county, and several large stores and mills. It is the seat of the See of the Bishop of Chicoutimi.

FROM DAKOTA TO CANADA.

We have heard a great deal lately of the supposed alarming exodus of Canadians to the United States; it is therefore a pleasure to look at the other side of the question, and note the arrival at Winnipeg of large numbers of substantial farmers who have left Dakota to make their homes under the Union Jack. This work has been going on quietly for many months. Little excitement has attended it, and it has received scant attention from the Eastern press; but the results have been most satisfactory, and from all that can be learned, the settlers who have come north this year are but the advance-guard of an army who intend leaving the extortion and mis-government in the American state for the liberty the Canadian North-West affords. Our engraving (on page 321) shows the arrival of one of the first parties that arrived this season; it comprised about 70 farmers with a large number of cattle, all en route to Yorkton, where they had taken up land. The train was covered with large mottoes, reading, "Good-bye, South Dakota;" "No more 2 per cent. a month;" "Bound for the Canadian North-West;" "Free land, plenty of timber, plenty of water;" "No more two bushels to the acre," and similar appropriate legends. The agents who have taken the most active part in this patriotic work are Mr. A. H. Campbell, Mr. Webster and Capt. Holmes, all of whom deserve high praise for their zeal and energy.

STAFF-SERGEANT ROLSTON, 20TH BATT.

The most brilliant shooting made this year at the Dominion Rifle Association matches was done by Staff-Sergt. Rolston, 20th Battalion, Hagersville, Ont. His success all through the meeting was remarkable. He was 1st in the Snider Aggregate, and Grand Aggregate; 2nd in the Governor-General's match and in the Dominion of Canada match; 4th in the Onimet, 5th in the Macdougall, 8th in the "Minister of Militia's," and 15th in the Manufacturers. He made the highest score in the team that won the London Merchants' Cup, and led the total aggregate scores for the Bisley team of 1892 by 31 points,—his total being 514, while the second man on the list had 483. He won over \$300 in cash, the "Steward" trophy and the D. R. A. medal, in addition to his 37th Batt., soon after which he commenced to attract attention from his brilliant shooting, twice gaining places on the Wimbledon team. In 1887 he exchanged into the 20th Battalion, "The Lorne Rifles," which corps has now the honour to claim him as a representative. In civil life Sergt. Rolston is a farmer. We sincerely hope that his success at Bisley next year will be in the same proportion as in the Ottawa meeting.

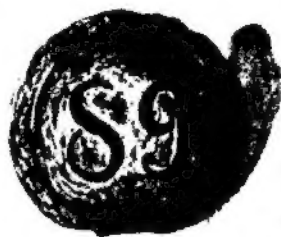
RIFLE LEAGUE CUP.

This trophy, presented by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. J. M. Gibson (President of Military Rifle League) was competed for at the recent Ottawa meeting by teams of ten men from each of our militia battalions. A feature of this match was that the competitors were not named beforehand; a number of men from each regiment fired, and the ten highest scores in each were chosen. The cup was won by the 43rd "Ottawa and Carleton Rifles," with scores of 2011 points. The next five teams were:

Queen's Own Rifles.....	1998
13th Batt.....	1974
45th Batt.....	1948
3rd Victoria Rifles.....	1930
Halifax Garrison Artillery.....	1880

The trophy is a very handsome one, standing 31 inches high. It was manufactured by the Meriden Britannia Co'y., Hamilton, Ont.

A RELIC OF LUNDY'S LANE.

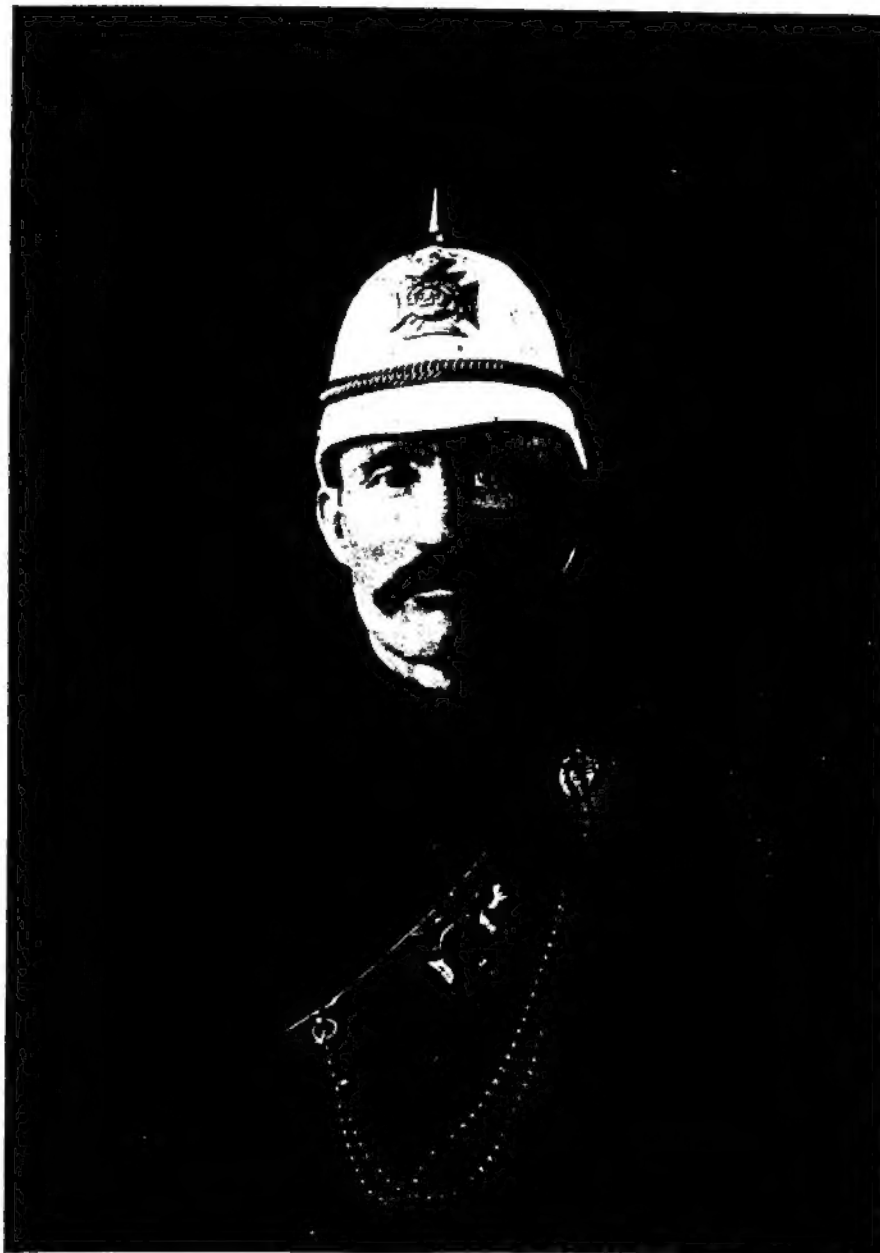


The long sleep of our honoured heroes who fell at Lundy's Lane seventy-seven years ago was rudely disturbed a few days ago by the pickaxe and the spade; the bodies of some fifteen men of King George's 89th and 103rd regiments of foot were found in a trench near the cemetery which was so lavishly fed from that historic battle-ground. By the courtesy of the Rev. Canon Bull, President of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, we are enabled to reproduce in fac-simile a button taken from the tunic of a soldier of the 89th. It is much corroded and defaced, but many of the scarlet coats are still bright with colour, while the quaint tobacco pouches and buckskin waistcoats are remarkably free from damage. We understand that these remains will be re-committed to the dust, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 17th of October, in the presence of Major-General Herbert and other distinguished guests.

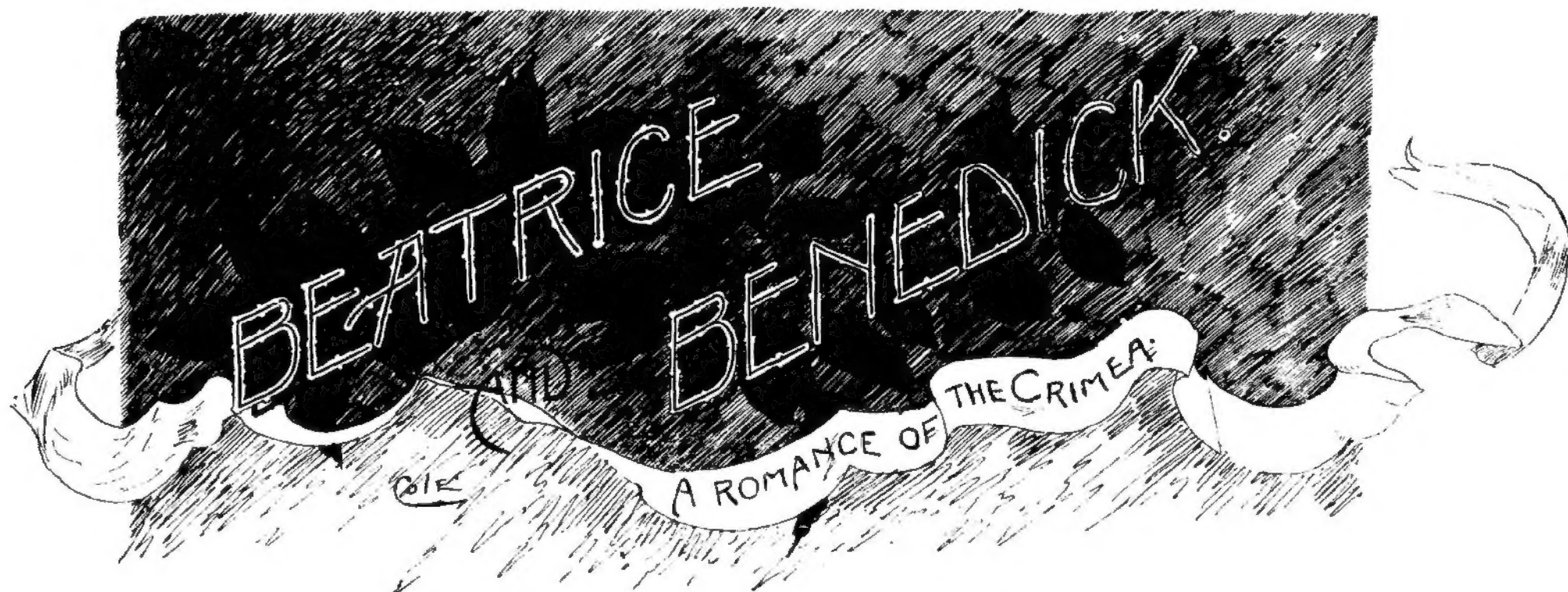
The Square Did It.

Lethbridge, Alberta, has produced some crack athletes of late. The reason for this can be easily explained by any one familiar with the town. Right in the centre of the town and facing the business portion, is a large open square, covering many acres. The stores are closed up early in the evening, and the clerks, business men and citizens generally repair to this square to engage in games and exercises, which tend to develop athletic propensities. The square is so situated, that it is in view of a large number of citizens, who are thus drawn to the place as spectators of the sports, and from spectators they soon become participants in the games. In this way local athletic talent is vigorously developed. The parties who laid out the town and provided this square are responsible for this development of athletic talent, for undoubtedly the existence of the square in such a prominent position, has led to the encouragement of sports and games. If every town in the country were similarly situated, it would be an advantage to business men and their assistants, who as a rule would be much the better of a little physical exercise daily. It would also tend to further the custom of early closing, for business men, instead of bickering over the question, would be ready to put up the shutters at a reasonable hour, and go out and take a hand in the sports.—*The Colonist*.

ANOTHER SPORTING NOVELIST.—Capt. Hawley Smart, the successor of Whyte Melville as the sporting novelist, has found that "racing is more profitable to write about than to follow." After leaving the army, Capt. Smart had a large experience in racing matters, and his novels are largely founded on circumstances which have occurred in his own career, and his characters are drawn from real life. Captain Smart belongs to an old Kentish family, who have had a passion for the army. He was in the Royal Scots, and served in the Crimea.—*London Star*.



WINNER OF THE GRAND AGGREGATE AT D.C.R.A. MATCHES, 1891.
STAFF-SERGEANT ROLSTON, 20TH BATT.



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XIII.—THE LADY OF THE ROSES.



ALTHOUGH Dr. Lynden had been a comparatively short time in Manchester, he had achieved a considerable social status there amongst the better and more refined circles. A suave, courteous gentleman who had evidently seen much of the world, and could talk well on most of the leading topics of the day, his knowledge of foreign politics was regarded with profound respect by his intimates. His forecasts of the strange events of that stormy period had proved wonderfully correct, and what Lynden thought of things was a question constantly asked by the leading business men there to whom the war was excessively repugnant. Some few objected to it on moral grounds, and still fewer on the conviction that the game was not worth the candle; that the struggle was unnecessary; that we were pulling the chestnuts out of the fire to serve the French, and that Russia would willingly have undertaken to do nothing that would interfere with our interests if we would only have kept out of the quarrel; but to the bulk of the Manchester men the war was distasteful, as it always is to men who get their living by trade. The extension of business is not brought about by the winning of battles. War must of necessity be paid for by the nations indulging in it, and has never yet conducted to the acquisition of riches, which is after all the main object of all manufacturing industries, or for the matter of that of most other employments in this world.

In the very beginning of the trouble the Doctor had prophesied that it would all end in war. When people pooh-poohed him and said it was ridiculous to suppose that we should ever take part in another European war—that in these days of advanced civilisation it was preposterous to think that we should have resort to such a barbarous way of adjusting our differences, the Doctor replied:

"It's just that belief that you will never engage in another European war that will bring it about. That is Russia's idea also. As for civilisation—it exercises very little restraint on the passions when roused. Human nature never changes, and asserts itself in defiance of civilisation whenever it comes to the crucial test. Your rulers think you will not fight; but the nation is on the boil, and will have it so. Yes, there will be war, and not a little one, you will see."

Not only had the Doctor's prognostications proved correct upon that occasion, but either his foreknowledge or his information about the march of events was singularly accurate. He took the keenest interest in the struggle in front of Sebastopol. He had carefully studied the best maps it

was possible for him to procure; while his knowledge of our numbers in the Crimea, of what reinforcements we had under orders to join the army in the field, and of what our garrisons in the Mediterranean consisted was remarkable. Not only was he a close reader of the daily papers, but it was pretty certain that information concerning the war reached him from other quarters. He was always willing to discuss the situation in the Crimea with Miss Smerdon and his daughter.

"Ah, yes," he said one afternoon when he came in for his cup of tea, "the drama progresses apace. With the fall of Sebastopol will end the first act. That we should take that, is necessary to our insular pride; and, even if we wished it, it is hardly likely that the Russians would allow us to re-embark. The French, I see, have taken the Mamelon—do you know what that means? That is preparatory on the part of our Allies, to a request that we will take the great Redan, which, it is said, they find a thorn in their sides. Yes, it is probable that the curtain will fall on the first act before the end of the month. And then, ah, then—where next? We shall have dealt Russia a blow at the extremity of her empire, but we cannot get at the heart. Napoleon tried that—and a pretty mess he made of it. We have no Napoleons now."

Dr. Lynden had usually been singularly accurate in his prognostications concerning the siege, and he was so far right that a general assault on the place was imminent, but what never occurred to him, any more than it did to many of the chiefs actually present before Sebastopol, was that the attack might fail. The siege had already lasted seven months and it was not to be supposed when the Allies did deliver an assault it could be anything but a *coup de grâce*. Why, even in this affair of the Mamelon, the Zouaves had reached the ditch of the Malakoff, and it was believed, had they been properly supported, could have taken that work. Oh no, the first act must be very nearly over.

"You think," asked his daughter, "that the final assault will take place before June is over?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "The trenches are a perpetual drain upon our army, that can be endured but little longer, while the Russians have left thousands by the wayside on that terrible march across the Steppes; but men, when, as in their case, they believed their ruler to be both their king and their God, they'll be always ready to die for him."

Miss Smerdon's first impulse on the receipt of Byng's letter had been at once to return home, but when she found that Nellie abstained from questioning her on the subject she reflected that her mother would be scarce likely to show such reticence, and so came to the conclusion that she had best stay where she was for the present. The

Crimean war exercised a great influence over people's minds at that period, and to a romantic girl like Frances with a special interest in the welfare of one of the actors in the drama, became a positive fascination. She heard somewhat more quickly, to say nothing of more directly, through Nellie, of what was taking place there; and then at Twmbarlym there would be nobody to explain the intention of the siege operations so lucidly as the Doctor. Even Polly Phybbs had at times her scrap of information to give concerning it, derived from letters received from her brother, and there was no piece of intelligence from the —th but what was worth listening to, in the opinion of the two girls.

There is nothing like the common bond of hopes and fears, to draw people of different grades together. Miss Smerdon's heart at that time yearned towards anyone who had near and dear belongings in the Crimea. This caused her to unbend somewhat towards Polly Phybbs, and once more her thoughts travelled in the direction of Blue Beard's chamber. True, she was mainly absorbed in the war, but for all that her mind at times would wander to other things. Again, she talked the subject over with Polly, and found that young woman now quite as curious as herself about it. But Phybbs while carefully listening to all Miss Smerdon's views of the mystery avoided any mention of her own suspicions. Still the result of their joint curiosity was that, while Frances was perpetually teasing the Doctor to be allowed a sight of the laboratory, Phybbs was constantly hovering about its door, prepared to take instant advantage of finding it open. The Doctor was much too keen an observer not to become speedily aware of this; he further was not long in discovering that a rather bullet-headed young policeman was also taking unwonted interest in the side door of his house, keeping his eye on it, indeed, in such clumsy fashion as caused Dr. Lynden to give way to a fit of silent laughter.

"Oh, dear," he muttered, "these provincial police don't seem to have acquired the very elements of their profession or they never could have set such a young num-skull as that to keep watch over me. I wonder what it is they suspect me of. It does not much matter, they have guessed wide of the mark, I have little doubt. That girl Phybbs too is always lurking about the door of the laboratory; well, she would make nothing of it if she got inside; it would take an agent of the French secret police to do that, and even he might come, and welcome, give me but a few hours' notice of his visit. True, I have done it before successfully, but I don't like living under surveillance. Phybbs, my good girl, you're an excellent servant, and I don't mean to part with you. My charming Miss

Smerdon, too! I really must calm the fever in her blood. There is only one way to cure women of an attack of curiosity—gratify it. Ah, I will leave the secret portal open to-morrow and give you both the desired opportunity, and you will find nothing! Now this pudding-headed young policeman—the idea of watching my house must assuredly have been put into his head; he never would have conceived it of his own intelligence. Hum! I should rather like to know what crotchet it is that his superiors have got into their brains."

True to his resolve, the Doctor next morning after lounging into the drawing-room and announcing that he was going into the city, departed, leaving the door of the laboratory ajar—a circumstance speedily noted by Miss Phybbs. That young woman jumped at the chance, and determined to institute a thoroughly good search through the apartment, and see if she could lay her hands upon any slight feminine belongings, such as ladies do at times leave behind them—a glove, a handkerchief; she might even discover a note, letters, or something of that sort; also at the same time if there was anything to indicate the correctness of Dick's suspicions—that worthy having of late endeavoured to teach her what was the principal plant of a coiner's trade, as far as his somewhat imperfect knowledge on the subject extended. Bells might have rung that morning, but they would have rung unheeded, as far as Polly went, until she had finished her inquisition, but after giving an hour's harder work to her search than she had ever bestowed on the dusting of the room, she was fain to confess herself beaten. There was not the slightest vestige of anything that could convict the Doctor of receiving female visitors, or indulging in the manufacture of base silver.

"There is no proof of anything whatsoever. There is nothing but nasty jars and bad smelling bottles. Anyway my notion is better than Dick's. We do know a lady came out of that door—which is more than can be said about a bad half-crown."

Phybbs took care to let Miss Smerdon know that the forbidden chamber was open, and Frances could not resist taking a peep. A few minutes satisfied her. She was in search of nothing, and her idle curiosity was speedily gratified. Jars, bottles, and crucibles were only to be rendered interesting by the Doctor being there to explain what he did with them. Frances indeed was disappointed at not finding drawings of cabalistic figures, a skull or two, a stuffed alligator, a glass mask and all the usual paraphernalia with which the workshops of the alchemist or astrologer were garnished, according to the old plays and romances.

Dr Lynden, as an ordinary chemist, was a very commonplace person, but in those higher walks in which Miss Smerdon pictured him, he was to be regarded with profound respect and veneration. The Doctor's prescience with regard to events in the Crimea had lately induced Miss Smerdon to playfully express her belief that he was an astrologer, and that his prophecies were simply the reading of the stars.

"But," as she said to herself, "there was no telescope, and as for skulls, why, there wasn't even a skull cap."

She felt no further desire to enquire into the mystery of Blue Beard's chamber, unless by the special invitation of the Doctor himself. It was not likely that anything would have come from Constable Tarrant's self-imposed task if he had not been helped by the chapter of accidents. Dick was not at all the man calculated to shine as one of the sleuth-hounds of the law. He lacked not only the keen powers of observation, but the untiring watchfulness necessary for a detective. He was a rather stupid, indolent young man, whose idea of hard work was to superintend other people doing it, and especially did he prefer that the said hard work should conduce more or less to his benefit. He would speedily have wearied of keeping bootless watch and ward over that side door, but for one thing—notwithstanding his compact with Phybbs, Mr. Tarrant had communicated his suspicions to his superiors. They had listened to him half-disdainfully, for they had no faith whatever in his intelligence, but the senior of the two or three officers to whom his tale was told, had almost

derisively complimented him, and ordered him to persevere in his vigilance.

"There might be something in it," said Evans, one of the sharpest officers of the force, when Constable Tarrant had retired. "I don't suppose there is; it's hardly likely that a man like Doctor Lynden moving in the best of society in the place, should be running an illicit mint. Still," he continued with a grin, "we know the benefits of education and improved machinery. Your tip-toppers don't live in garrets and slums nowadays, but on first floors, and dress like swells. Now this gang are real clever, you'll admit that; Scotland Yard, you see, is dead beat about them, and say the mintage is quite inimitable."

His comrades nodded assent, listening evidently with much respect to Sergeant Evans' words.

"All this points to its being the work of tip-toppers. Now it's a curious thing that a man should take a house here, and build out a laboratory with a private stair communicating with the street. They say he's very clever, and all that; but his experiments in chemistry must be for his own amusement. Now there's one grain of truth in what Tarrant says, 'What does he want with a private door all to himself?'"

"Just so," said Inspector Fumard approvingly.

"If these smashers," continued the Sergeant, "are in Manchester, we must look for them in the least likely places. I'll see if I can make anything out of Dr. Lynden."

If the Doctor has anything to conceal, it will be well for him to take heed. Constable Tarrant he might laugh at, but it is a cat of a very different colour which is now watching the mouse-hole.

That Sergeant Evans should stand either lounging about or walking up and down like a sentry outside the Doctor's door was very unlikely; but before a week was out he had acquired some information about it which, though it puzzled the Sergeant, convinced him that the Doctor had certainly mysterious avocations. Evans' high position in the Manchester police enabled him to make enquires which would have been impossible for anyone not so situated. He discovered for one thing that the Doctor, besides carrying on an extensive correspondence, was in the habit of sending numerous cablegrams to Odesa. This of itself struck him as singular in a gentleman not engaged in trade. What might be the contents of those cablegrams the companies would not have told him if they could, but they did let him know that they were all couched in cypher, and how this could bear upon coining, the Sergeant was entirely at a loss to conceive.

Another discovery he made which was quite compatible with the Doctor being engaged in that illicit pursuit was, that a remarkably lady-like woman was in the habit of strolling from somewhere in the heart of the city out to the suburb wherein the Doctor lived, that though apparently never noticing the house, she never turned until she had passed it; and that her constant appearance had not attracted the attention of Police-constable Tarrant, could be due only to his gross stupidity. Another circumstance which speedily struck the astute Sergeant Evans was how singularly capricious this lady was in the rose she wore in her bonnet. She dressed so quietly that nothing but a trained eye would have detected this slight but constant variation in her head gear. The rose was sometimes red, sometimes yellow, sometimes white, but to Evans it was speedily as clear as noon day that these were perfectly understood signals to the Doctor. Whenever the rose was red, so surely as soon as the lady had strolled out of sight did the Doctor emerge from his house, and follow in the direction she had taken; that the pair met, walked and talked together the Sergeant easily ascertained, and that their interview invariably ended at the railway station from which the lady returned to town. On the occasions when the rose was of another colour he found that she usually returned from her walk to Manchester and the Doctor made no attempt to follow her. Sergeant Evans was puzzled, but this much did seem clear to him, that the Doctor was in close correspondence with some individual or individuals in town, which correspondence was deemed too important to be entrusted to

the post. That the gang of coiners they were so anxious to pounce upon were artists of the first force there was no doubt, but what was the object of this lady-like woman travelling perpetually up and down from London to Manchester merely to exchange a few words with the Doctor either in the streets or at the railway station. Had she carried back parcel or package with her, he could have understood that she was the medium by which the base coin manufactured by the Doctor was transmitted to his associates in town, but she carried nothing with her but a hand bag, and into that he had contrived to obtain a peep which convinced him that it contained nothing.

The Sergeant, in his own vernacular, was fairly "flummoxed."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE STORMING OF THE REDAN.

The eighteenth of June had passed and gone with a result that astonished the Allied army pretty nearly as much as it did Dr. Lynden. After the Quarries and the Mamelon nobody doubted but that when the assault did take place we should get in; and that it would take place very shortly was evident. That it would be a pretty tough piece of work it was quite clear. We might not perhaps get possession of the whole place in the first instance; only succeed, perhaps, in capturing the great Redan and the Malakoff; still, that we should be fairly beaten all along the line, and with nothing to show for the terrible loss of life incurred in the assault, except the cemetery taken by Eyre's Brigade, would have been credited by no one. A trophy, too, which, as the men of the left attack contemptuously remarked, they could have taken any night with two companies.

When the news was first flashed beneath the waters to England, you may judge the terror it struck to the heart of Nell Lynden and her friend. Those first head-lines in the papers spoke only of a general assault on Sebastopol. "Terrible Repulse; Frightful Losses." Bitter lines to women who had those near and dear to them in the Chersonese. Dr Lynden was always perfectly willing to talk over the successive events of the war with the two girls, but that his daughter had any personal interest in news from the Crimea he had persistently ignored. He had never alluded to her engagement—seemed, indeed, to regard it as a passing fancy which separation had effectually put an end to, and Nell was quite aware that in the event of the worst she would have to bear her sorrow by herself, that she need expect no sympathy from him. Though fond of his daughter, the Doctor was a hard and proud man, with an iron will under his suave and courteous manner, and he deeply resented the extreme coldness with which Hugh's relations had taken the announcement of the engagement. As for Frances Smerdon, he had no idea that she had any peculiar interest in the march of events. But the terrible list came at last, without any mention of the—th, and when the full accounts, and also a letter from Hugh came to hand, it turned out that the Regiment had been held in reserve, and not engaged at all that day.

"It is very singular," remarked the Doctor, "it upsets all calculation; the first act is not over so soon as I anticipated. Well, they are like cocks in a pit—bound to fight it out—they cannot run away. Singular, I am not clear that it is not the best thing that could happen to us. If the Allies did but know it this tremendous struggle at the extremity of her empire is the most exhausting thing for Russia possible. And when Sebastopol does fall—what next? Ah, then—if Russia could only obtain some compensating success elsewhere—take Paris, for instance, peace might be possible. After swapping queens, Miss Smerdon, one may offer to draw the game."

The siege dragged on. There was no particular action, but incessant skirmishes, and the list of trench casualties grew perfectly portentous. It was like a running sore on both sides, and cruelly weakening to the two antagonists. The lines of the Allies drew closer and closer round their foe, and it was evident to the keen observer that the Western Powers and the Muscovite must once more speedily close in the death grip. And with the early days

of September comes the fourth bombardment, which preceded the fall of the famous fortress.

It had been rather a sore subject in the —th that Hugh Fleming had met with no reward for the taking of the Quarries. He had brought the victorious but shattered band back to camp, and the regiment, though proud of the "Well done, —th!" with which their Brigadier had ridden up and congratulated them the next day, were still alike hurt that no honours had been vouched to them in recognition of this their first deed of daring in the Crimea. Poor Grogan's step had been filled up by the senior subaltern who happened not to be present in the trenches on that occasion. But that Byng should have had a brevet-majority, and that a company should have been found for Hugh Fleming, the corps was unanimously of opinion. If there was not one vacant in the regiment, there could be no difficulty in finding such a thing just now. Every probability, indeed, of there being considerable promotion to bestow very shortly, as it was pretty generally understood that the assault would take place in the next day or two.

The regiment is for the trenches this night, and Byng and Hugh Fleming are standing in front of the former's tent, watching the storm of shot and shell that is raining down upon the doomed city, and to which the Muscovite still replies sullenly and fiercely, if not quite so vigorously as he did three days ago.

"We shall hear for certain when we get to the brigade grounds," said Byng, "but I should fancy it will come off to-night. This *feu d'enfer* can't go on much longer, we haven't the ammunition for it; we've silenced some of their guns, but it will be a toughish job all the same."

"Yes," replied Fleming, "they are no flinchers, and not likely to give in without hard fighting. Here comes the Adjutant, about to tell you off to some peculiarly delicate piece of work, shouldn't wonder."

"I've just run across, Hugh," said the official in question, "to shake hands and congratulate you on your company, although I'm sorry to say we are going to lose you."

"Lose him!" said Byng. What on earth do you mean?"

"I've just had a note from a chum of mine, Kenyon, he's on the Head-quarter staff you know, and he tells me that the Quarry Gazette has come, and that Hugh here is transferred to a Lieutenancy and Captaincy in the Grenadier Guards. You've got your brevet old man. There are no general orders to-night. They are too busy, I suppose, down at Head-quarters, but you'll both be gazetted to-morrow."

"We mean business to-night then," said Hugh.

"Assault to-morrow, all along the line," replied the Adjutant. "Three rockets from the French rings up the curtain. Once more, congratulations on your promotion, though as I said before, we shall all be very sorry to lose you."

"Well, I shall have one last turn with the old regiment, anyhow," said Hugh.

"Yes, and a pretty lively one too," said the Adjutant, laughing, "for, from what the brigade-major told me, we are to be in the thick of the fun from the very beginning. However, as far as that goes, I fancy there will be very few left out of the game before it's finished. Ah, there goes the fall in," and all three officers hurried off to the parade-ground in answer to the shrill note of the bugle. "Well," said Tom as they walked up and down, "I wonder how you will get on in the guards? Out here, their life is pretty much the same as ours, but your promotion will most likely take you home, and then you will find soldiering in London very different from soldiering in garrison towns and country quarters."

"But I don't want to go home," said Hugh. "There's a battalion of the Grenadiers out here; I suppose I can join that? Why should I be sent home?"

"Because there's lots of fellows in England dying to come out here; because you've had your chance, and are bound to give some of the others theirs, because you're the junior of your rank, and, like other juniors, must expect to do the dirty work,

drill recruits, lick stout young labourers into soldiers, etc."

"By Jove, I never thought of that!" rejoined Hugh. "This promotion isn't half as good a thing as I thought it. I'd rather hang on, and get a company in my own regiment."

"Nonsense!" said Byng, laughing. "Pay, promotion, and plunder, are the three things that they say a soldier should never pass when they come in his way. But here comes the chief, fall in."

A few minutes more, and the —th found themselves part of a long, dark column, which was winding like a serpent on its way to the trenches. The heavy roar of the artillery was incessant. Shells whistled and spluttered through the soft summer night, the air seemed alive with meteors, and every now and then a heavy thud, followed by an angry explosion that burst close to the winding column, and the sudden stumbling of two or three men, proved the messenger of death had been launched only too successfully. The advanced trenches were gradually crammed with men, and bitterly did the chiefs of the reserves deplore the lack of one or more sheltered *places d'armes* wherein they might bestow their men. That the Russians after all these months of practice should have got the range of pretty well every part of our lines it is easy to imagine, but fortunately the pitching a shell from a distance with accuracy into a ditch, which is what a trench virtually is, is a task that tries the powers of the most expert Artilleryman. But where the trench expanded into a battery, it was very different. There the Muscovite had a bigger target to aim at, and the men who served their guns suffered terribly during the concluding months of the siege. All through the night roared the thundrous cannonade on both sides, the air hissed and hurtled with the savage missiles, while in the crowded trenches pulses beat high, and men strained their eyes in search of the first grey streaks which should herald the coming day.

"Daylight," said Byng, pointing to the sky.

"Now for it," muttered many an anxious lip, and with ears erect men awaited the sharp word of command from their chiefs, and the shrill cry of a bugle. Neither came, and slowly the word ran through the trenches that there would be no assault until the Artillerymen had had some hours' pounding at the Russian lines. Our foes had taught our leaders a lesson, and, shown that much as our guns might knock their defences about in the daytime, their power of restoring those defences by night, was almost magical. If the fire raged furiously all night, it was a very storm of shot and shell now the sun was up, and the gunners on each side had a fair sight of their opponent's batteries. The sun is high in the heavens, yet still goes on the constant roar and crash of cannon and mortar, and still no signal comes for the assault. It is near noon when suddenly three rockets leaped high in the air, and a crash of musketry notified that the French had opened the ball on the right. "Forward the stormers," cried the General commanding the attack. "Forward," cried the Colonels of the leading regiments. "Away there the ladder party," shouted an officer of Engineers. The bugles rang out the charge. "Forward —th," shouts Hugh Fleming, as he and Byng spring over the parapet, and dash forward at a steady double straight for the salient of the great Redan, while the very heavens resound with the sharp rattle of musketry from all sides. The *abattis* is broken rapidly by the Sappers in three or four places, but even that momentary delay occasions fearful havoc in the ranks of the assailants, while the Russian batteries are now sweeping the space between their own lines and the British right attack with a murderous cross fire of grape and canister. Still they press on dauntless as ever, though now every step a man pitches heavily forward and rolls over. What is left of the two leading regiments, the sailors and Sappers have gained the ditch of the Redan. Byng springs into the ditch, closely followed by his men; two or three of the Engineers promptly raised a ladder; he rushes towards it and a terrible malediction escapes his lips as he discovers that it is too short. A little to his right Hugh Fleming has been more fortunate, and having cleared a space by the free use of his revolver, has gained the parapet. His

men swarm up after him. A sharp hand-to-hand fight, and the salient of the Redan is won! Up other ladders their comrades pour to their assistance, and slowly but steadily the foe is driven back to the gorge of the work.

But where are the reinforcements? They have room now to use plenty of men if they had them, but they are too weak in numbers to follow their foe farther than they have already driven him. This the enemy is not slow to perceive; he rallies and stands his ground. The opposing parties pause, and glare at each other like pugilists between the rounds, when the battle is far from foughten out. But there is this terrible difference between them; whereas no reinforcements are reaching the English, they are steadily pouring in to the Russians.

The gallant Colonel who leads the stormers is beside himself with vexation. He has won the work—is he to lose it, and all the lives it has cost him be wasted in vain? Messenger after messenger he dispatches in search of those sorely-needed reinforcements, but they never come back.

"Look here!" he said, addressing a small knot of officers who had temporarily gathered near the parapet, "do I look as if I was in a funk?"

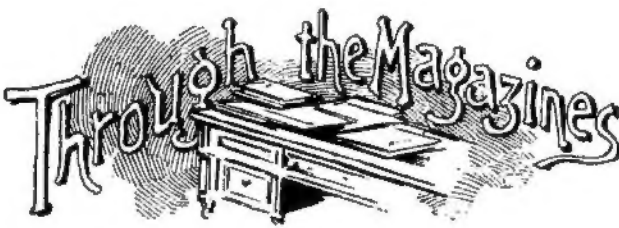
"Not a bit more than the rest of us, sir," promptly replied a Captain of the Light Division.

"Well," he continued, "reinforcements I must have if I am to hold this work. I've sent four messengers for them, not one of them has returned nor have the reinforcements come. Now, gentlemen, I'm going myself, and if anything happens to me, I trust you to do justice to my memory, and testify that I didn't go into that infernal cross fire because I was afraid," and in another moment he had leapt over the parapet, and was gone.

He did not share the fate of his messengers, but like them, he never returned. Before he could obtain the reinforcements he went for, the Russians had swept the English out of the Redan and driven them pell mell to their own trenches.

It was the lull before the storm, the officers took advantage of the respite to re-form and steady their men, to slip fresh cartridges into their revolvers, and generally to brace themselves for the coming struggle. They could see fresh troops pouring in to the assistance of their opponents, they knew that the strife between them must be renewed in a few minutes, and unless aid came to them, and that soon, they knew well what the result of that strife must be. Not a man wavered, not a cheek blanched, they knew what they had to do, to hold that work as long as they could and then die.

The pause is soon over, cheered on by their officers, and exultant in their replenished numbers, with a wild yell, the Russians once more hurried themselves on the foe; dauntlessly are they met, and one of those savage hand-to-hand *melees* in which men's eyes, like the Chourineur's in Sue's famous novel, see blood ensues. Bayonet thrusts, and furious blows with clubbed muskets, are exchanged on all sides. In the midst of this very whirlpool of battle Private Phybbs, still sticking close to Hugh's heels with the canine fidelity he had displayed the entire morning, found himself immersed. The confused mass swayed backwards and forwards, when suddenly there came a sheer rush on the part of the Muscovites, and, by sheer weight of numbers, the English were driven rapidly back. Peter Phybbs was doing his *devoir* gallantly in the fray, when just as this retrograde movement began, his foot slipped on the blood-stained soil, and, at the same moment, he received a blow from the butt end of a musket on the shoulder, which brought him to the ground; another moment, and the bayonet of a powerful Russian Grenadier would have terminated the career of the luckless soldier, when a bullet from Hugh's revolver stretched the Grenadier across the legs of his intended victim. For a few moments Fleming made a gallant stand, and, with the aid of his death-dealing revolver, kept his foes at bay. At length, hurling the empty pistol furiously in their faces, he was about to fall back, when a bayonet thrust in the side caused him to reel backwards, and before he could recover himself he was in the fierce grip of his foremost foe. Short had been his shrift, perhaps, for the blood of his assailants was up, and they had seen two or three of their comrades fall by his hand, but luckily



THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

One of the best stories of the year appears in the September number of this magazine; it is "The Disturber of Traffic," by Rudyard Kipling, and well sustains the reputation of that gifted writer. In other fiction we have the continuation of that interesting serial by Mr. Stockton, "The House of Martha," and that by Miss Catherwood, "The Lady of Fort St. John"—a story that appeals strongly to Canadians. In more solid reading, Professor John Fiske's "Europe and Cathay" will be found of special interest to historical students; and an entertaining biographical study of one of the most remarkable men of the age, Laurence Oliphant, is that entitled "A Modern Mystic." Other noteworthy papers are "Speech as a barrier between man and beast," "Dyer's Hollow" and "Town life in Arkansas," besides poetry, book notes, etc. The Contributor's Club, which ends the number, contains some very interesting items on matters of current interest. Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE ARENA.

As usual, this magazine contains—in its September number—an admirable series of thoughtful papers on the great movements and reforms of the age. The Arena always presents both sides of a subject; and in answer to an article that appeared in a previous number the Rev. G. C. Lorimer, D.D., writes a terse, clear paper on "The Newer Heresies." Of widespread interest will be found the illustrated article on "Fashion's Slaves" by the Arena's editor, Mr. B. O. Flower; while Mr. S. Baxter's concise summary of "The Austrian Postal Banking System," is not so technical as the title would lead one to suppose. Mr. W. M. Salter's article, "Another View of Newman," is open to criticism. One of the last papers in the number is by Mr. Kuma Oishi on "Extrinsic Significance of Constitutional Government in Japan"; it gives an excellent view of the political status of that country, and the probable changes and reforms that are at hand. Lovers of fiction will be interested in the story "He Came and Went Again," by A. Wolcott. Boston; The Arena Publishing Co.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

The list of contributor's to the Popular Science Monthly for September contains a goodly number of strong names. The opening article, by Prof. John Fiske, is on the "Doctrine of Evolution; its Scope and Influences," and can not fail to give the general reader a better understanding of this great process. There is an essay by Herbert Spencer on "The Limits of State Duties," which embodies a strong argument against attempts by governments to mould artificially the characters of citizens. A fifth paper is contributed by Professor C. Henderson to his illustrated series on "Glassmaking." It describes the making of thermometers, hydrometers, telescope lenses, and other instruments of glass. Dr. Charles W. Pilgrim, of the Utica Asylum, tells what beneficial results have come from "Schools for the Insane." A decidedly novel subject is presented in "Views of Running Water," by J. Piccard, which describes and pictures the appearance of running and falling water. The sun-spot period now nearing its maximum gives occasion for a discussion of the question, "Can we always count upon the Sun?" by Garrett P. Serviss. R. Francheschini writes about "Musical Insects," describing the mechanisms by which insects produce sounds, with illustrations. John Murdoch contributes an interesting account of "Eskimo Boats in the North-West." Dr. Karl Russ pleads for the lives of our feathered creatures, under the title "Take Care of the Birds!" A sketch is given, with a portrait, of the retiring President of the American Association, Prof. George Lincoln Goodale. The editor writes on "The Warfare of Science" and "Individuality for Woman." New York; D. Appleton & Company.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

The September number commences with a beautifully illustrated article, "Through the Hungarian Plain," by John Sziklay—starting from Buda-pesth and giving a suc-

cinct description of the country and its enthusiastic inhabitants. "Locarno and its Valleys," described on entering, by J. Hardmeyer, as "The Nice of Switzerland," is full of interesting detail of its gaily-attired people. The article on Bishop Hannington is a thrilling one. His encounter with lions, savages, etc., and his untimely death will impress everyone with the nobleness of the man. The facile pen of Miss Mary S. Daniels, B.A., gives a practical account of the "Methodist Deaconesses at Work." "A Nova Scotia Missionary Among the Cannibals," is presented by Miss May Tweedie. Rev. James Lumsden gives a short history of "Cottonopolis," or Manchester, England. "Undaunted Dick: Collier, Prize fighter and Evangelist," shows forth the mercy of God in the character of Richard Weaver. "The Destiny of the Earth," is by Alex. Winchell, L.L.D. One of the most interesting stories is brought to a close, "All He Knew," by John Habberton. Pessimistic readers on the labour question will do well to read George A. Chace's article on "Industrial Progress." This valuable number concludes with Dr. Barrass' notes of Manitoba and other Conferences, etc. Toronto; Methodist Publishing House.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The contents of the September number are varied in character—all on timely and interesting subjects, although of a lighter nature than usual. Mr. Isaac B. Bendavid writes a vigorous reply to Professor Goldwin Smith's recent article on the Jews; the rejoinder is so complete that it will be in order to hear again from Mr. Smith to bear out his first assertions. Many readers will think the most fascinating article in the number is "A Famous Naval Exploit," written by the late Admiral Porter, U.S.N. A symposium on "Is Drunkenness Curable," will attract many readers; all should be interested in the discussion as to finding a remedy for the vice which is the curse of Christendom. Other articles are "Co-operative Womanhood in the State," "Anecdotes of English Clergymen," "Dogs and their Affection," "The Ideal Sunday," "Reflections of an Actress," and "Haiti and the United States." The "Notes and Comments," series are short, crisp, and to the point. New York; No. 3 East Fourteenth street.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

The September number contains papers on "Recent Constitution Making in the United States," by Professor Francis Newton Thorp of the University of Pennsylvania; "Economics in Italy," by Professor Achille Loria of the University of Siena, Italy; "Present Conditions of the Peasants in the Russian Empire," by Vicomte Combes de Lestrade, a French economist who has recently made a personal visit to Russia for the purpose of studying their condition; "Statistical Publications of the United States Government," by Wm. F. Willoughby, of the Department of Labour, Washington, D.C.; and "Congress of the Learned Societies at Paris," by Leo H. Rowe. Under the personal notes are given biographical sketches of several prominent men who have been appointed to fill chairs of Political Economy or Political Science in the leading Universities. Those of whom short biographies are given in the September number, in connection with the announcement of appointments which take effect at the opening of the next academic year are: Munro Smith and F. H. Giddings, of Columbia; G. G. Wilson, of Brown University; James H. Canfield, of the University of Nebraska; E. D. Adams and Frank W. Blackmar, of the University of Kansas; Theodor von Ina-na-Sternogg and E. Von Bohem-Bawerk, of Vienna; Wm. Cunningham, of London; von Miaskowski, of Leipzig; Walther Lotz, of Munich; and George von Mayr, of Strassburg. Philadelphia; Station B.

THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS MAGAZINE.

Although this periodical contains news of special interest to past and present members of the brigade, whose official organ it is, there are several articles of much general interest. Two of these will be of special interest to Canadians; one by the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert, wife of our present Major-General, is entitled "A Guardsman's Grave," and is a very charmingly written little sketch of a guardsman's tomb at Lundy's Lane; the complete article will be found in another part of this journal. The other paper referred to is a gossip little paper, signed "K," on "Salmon Fishing in the Cascapedia." The magazine contains all orders, promotions, etc., referring to the Guards, and details of all sports or matches in which representatives of the Brigade took part in recent weeks. London; T. Vickers-Wood, Belgrave Road, S.W.

for Hugh, one of their officers was close by, and sternly commanded that his life should be spared. But to this, having fainted from loss of blood, Hugh was utterly oblivious.

If those few moments have cost Hugh Fleming his life, they have undoubtedly saved that of Peter Phybbs; but for Hugh's revolver his spirit would have already sped, but Fleming's stand had enabled him to recover his feet, and to rejoin his comrades, and he with them swept over the parapet by the victorious wave of Russian troops. As for the broken and defeated remnant of the English, they tumbled pell mell into the ditch of the Redan, as Tom Byng described it afterwards, "like detected schoolboys over an orchard wall," and made their way back to their own lines by twos and threes, without any attempt at formation. If they had strewn the ground thick as leaves in autumn, during their advance, it is certain that they suffered but little in their retreat. Whether the Russian batteries deemed it probable that their troops, following up the success they had gained, might make a sortie in force, or whether they had chivalrously abstained from further punishment of a thoroughly beaten foe, I cannot say, but so it was, and both Byng and Private Phybbs were amongst those who regained the advanced trench comparatively unhurt. Over Hugh Fleming's fate his comrades could only shake their heads sadly when they got back to the camp. He had never been seen after that last charge of the Russians, which had swept them out of the Redan, and in all probability he was numbered with the slain. It seemed to his comrades the very irony of fate to read in the general orders for the army that evening.

"Lieutenant Hugh Fleming,—th Regiment, to be Lieutenant and Captain in the Grenadier Guards. Captain Fleming will report himself at once to the Quarter-Master General concerning a passage to England."

(To be continued.)

Colonial Steel-makers.

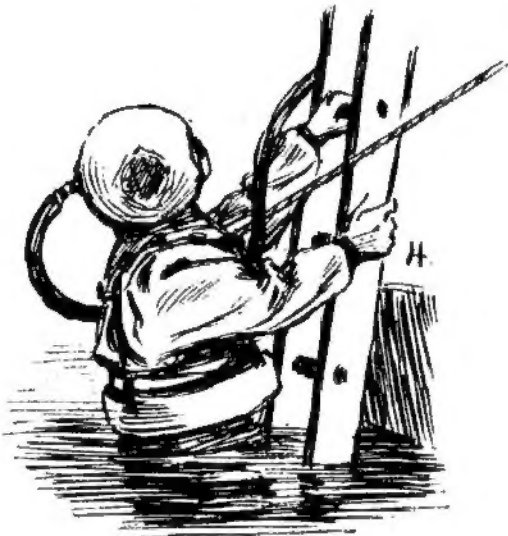
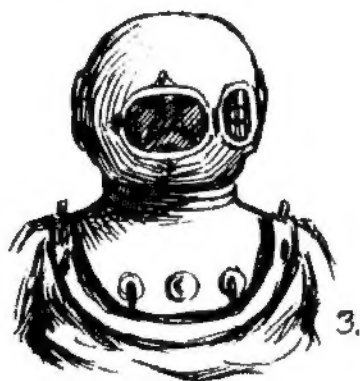
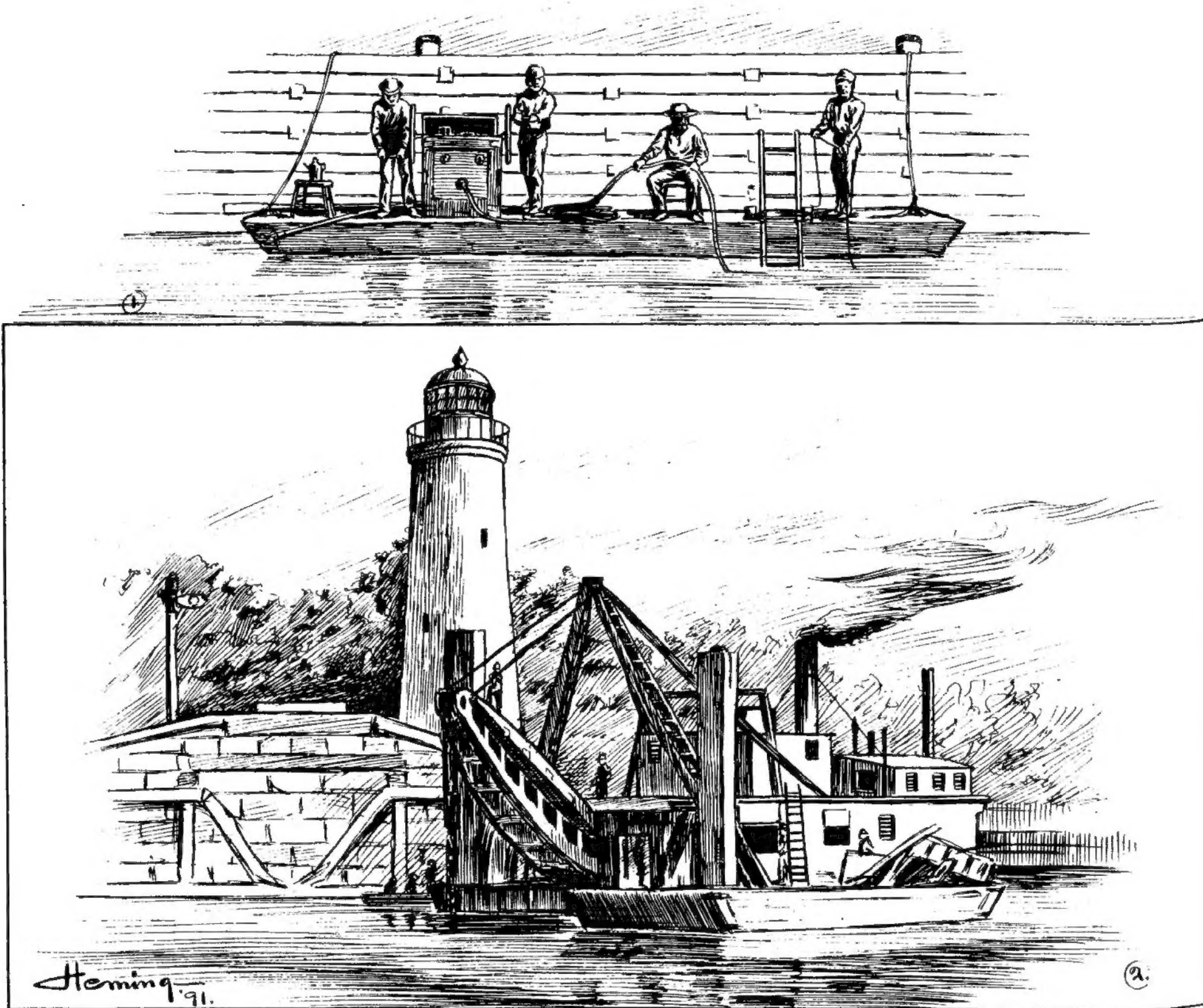
In 1728 Samuel Higley, of Simsbury, and Joseph Dewey, of Hebron, in Hartford County, Connecticut, represented to the Legislature that the said Higley had, "with great pains and cost, found out and obtained a curious art by which to convert, change, or transmute common iron into good steel sufficient for any use, and was the first that ever performed such an operation in America." It wank gives on the authority of Mr. Charles J. Hoadly, Librarian of the Connecticut State Library, a certificate, signed by Timothy Phelps and John Drake, blacksmiths, which states that, in June, 1725, Mr. Higley obtained from the subscribers several pieces of iron, so shaped that they could be known again, and that a few days later "he brought the same pieces which we let him have, and we proved them and found them good steel, which was the first steel that ever was made in this country that we ever saw or heard of."

A patent was granted Higley and Dewey for ten years, provided "the petitioners improve the art to any good and reasonable perfection within two years from the date of this act." They do not appear to have done this, or to have continued the business of making steel.

In 1740 the Connecticut Legislature granted to Messrs. Pitch, Walker & Wyllys "the sole privilege of making steel for the term of fifteen years upon this condition, that they should in the space of two years make half a ton of steel"; this condition not having been complied with, the privilege was extended to 1744, before which time Aaron Eliot and Ichabod Miller certified that more than half a ton had been made at the furnace in Simsbury.—From "The Manufacture of Steel," by W. F. Darfee, in *The Popular Science Monthly* for October.

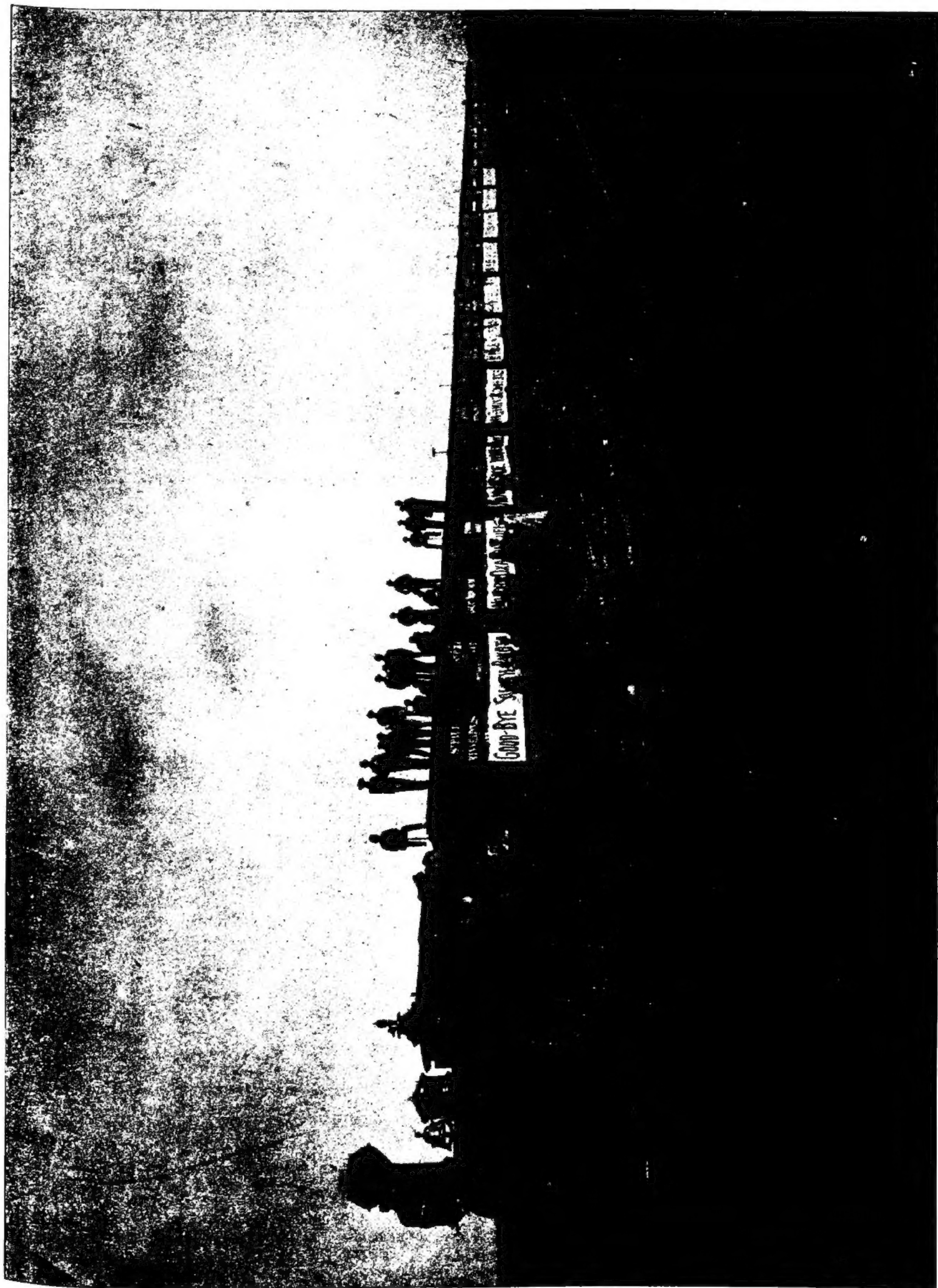
Telephones in Toronto.

The Bell Telephone Company have finally approved of the agreement with the City of Toronto by which the telephone rates for business premises are reduced to \$45 per year and for residences to \$25. The city gets five per cent. of the gross earnings of the company in the city, and in return the telephone company receives an exclusive five years' franchise for telephone service in Toronto. The agreement includes the placing of most of the wires underground and the inauguration of a new metallic circuit.



1. Divers' scow. 2. The steam dredge. 3. Diver with face door of helmet open. 4. Diver ascending ladder. 5. Diver with helmet off.

DIVERS AT HAMILTON BEACH.—(See also first page)



TRAIN LOAD OF SETTLERS AND THEIR EFFECTS, WHICH ARRIVED AT WINNIPEG FROM SOUTH DAKOTA, MAY 1ST, 1891.

"GOOD-BYE, SOUTH DAKOTA!"

(Mitchell, Winnipeg, photo.)



OLD ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

OLD ST. PAUL'S, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

This architecturally common but very picturesque looking old structure possesses a unique interest, as being associated with a period of local history long since passed away, and a condition of local society now represented by a few names. Some time after the conclusion of the peace which brought to a close the Napoleonic wars, a number of English officers, who thus found their occupation gone, decided to come to Canada and take up land grants. Among the first were Captain Drew, afterwards Rear Admiral Drew, and



MEMORIAL TABLET IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Major James Barwick, of the 79th Regiment. Captain Drew reached the site of the present town of Woodstock early in the thirties, and made the selection of the tract of land in what is now Woodstock East, and on a plot set aside for the purpose Old St. Paul's was built. In the year 1835 Rev. Canon Bettridge arrived on the scene and found a small rectangular building of brick, so small, so lacking in

architectural taste, and so out of harmony with all his previous associations that he promptly refused to use it at all, and had a small frame building erected elsewhere, in which his little congregation, which at first numbered twelve persons, worshipped for a while. On becoming more acquainted with the condition and resources of the settlement, he relented and returned to the despised little pile of bricks. As the congregation increased the capacity of the church was enlarged, and it is some years now since it assumed its present form and proportions. Its time worn walls receive a picturesque setting from the foliage of the ancient trees around; and the mural tablets to be found inside, to the memory of noted founders and members, give it an historical aspect of surpassing interest. Canon Bettridge was in many ways a remarkable man. A descendant of an English house of ancient lineage and historical renown, he joined the army when a youth, and was with Wellington at Brussels when the approach of Napoleon was announced. For some reason he was assigned a post in Brussels, and so did not participate in the memorable engagement at Waterloo. He is described as a man of grand appearance, his military training having given a bearing of grace to his magnificent form that was very pleasing. His little congregation of twelve gradually increased as the settlement filled up, and it soon became to be no unusual sight to see a dozen or more high-bred horses pacing up and down before the church, in charge of liveried servants, while the colonels, admirals, captains, etc., to whom they belonged, listened inside to the grand, impressive words of the eloquent preacher. It was a strange sight to come upon in a Canadian wilderness, but not more strange than many other sights that could have been witnessed in this interesting little colony. They lived up to a standard of magnificence that seems incredible now; their balls, banquets and social gatherings are described as semi-regal, and the state of society maintained higher in many ways than any present-day society to be found in Canada. This may seem an extravagant statement, but it is supported by many curious and even remarkable facts. Their wealth, in a growing colony, was comparatively great, and they were lavish of it. In this way they exercised an

important influence on the growth of the settlement; and not only by their wealth, but they left an impress of high culture and good manners which has even yet not wholly been obliterated. But they are gone and with them the military aristocracy which they had established. Nothing remains but their names—such names as Vansittart, De Blaquiere, Drew, Barwick, Cottle, Light, etc., and the memories of their days and deeds. Some of them have given their names to the streets of Woodstock; the names of others may be found on the tablets erected to their memory in old St. Paul's, and inscribed on the moss-covered headstones in the little churchyard to the rear, while others but find a place in the memory of a few of the "olden inhabitants."

The French Book Trade.

Paris is experiencing just now a curious crisis in the book trade. These arise from time to time, for the publishing trade is no more free from overproduction or "glut" than any other branch of commerce. There are about a dozen authors who command the French market, and some four or five whose popularity seems inexhaustible. But the number of novelists is to be counted not by dozens, but by hundreds. And still the publishers go on issuing. A few days ago the publisher of one of these popular authors had 45,000 copies of his last venture returned to him. They were the volumes that had been sent to the different railway stations. And yet had been scarcely any sale; they all came back. This author was very popular. The explanation is the prevalent plan of sending works first through the press as *feuillets*. The novel had lost its freshness; it was discounted before it was issued. This system is found to tell on the most expensive volumes. Lately an art publication, an edition of *luxe*, magnificently brought out, illustrated with original engravings, liberally announced and generously criticised, came back to the publisher with only one copy sold; a second volume, published at a guinea, obtained a sale of six examples. At present it is understood that there are 3,000,000 volumes of novels on the hands of Paris publishers which cannot be got rid of. And this number grows from day to day. It was even proposed that these unsaleable volumes should be distributed at country fairs as prizes for children, instead of gingerbread and sweets, but that the Prefect of Police interfered and stopped the practice.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.



INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WOODSTOCK, ONT.



TORONTO, September 25, 1891.

The second drive of the newly inaugurated weekly turnout of the fashionables of Toronto took place to-day. The fine band of the Royal Grenadiers was stationed in the park, and some addition to the usual seating was made, so that pedestrians might enjoy a stroll and lounge, meet their friends, enjoy the sight of the really handsome equipages and riding horses that the city can boast, as much as possible realizing the idea of the famous London Rotten Row, *Anglice* for the *Route du Roi*. As we have no traditions to govern us in the choice of a name for this new kind of entertainment, may we not very properly call it "The Queen's Drive," seeing that it's *locale* is the Queen's Park. Nearly four hundred equipages and riders graced the first turnout, which took place last week, a very respectable showing.

The University extension scheme has found a strong supporter in Mr. Wm. Houston, our Legislative Librarian, and the author of "Documents Relating to the Government of Upper Canada." Mr. Houston's sympathies are always wide awake on behalf of the extension of the higher education, and his aid in the matter of the opening of University College to women is yet held in just regard; there is no doubt, therefore, that he will not let a scheme that has been of much benefit to the people in England fail here for want of working up. Of course other ladies and gentlemen will be interested in the scheme, but I have heard no names at present.

There is a lady, Miss Florence Balgarnie, on this side the water, from England, who acted as secretary of the Scarborough University Extension Society, and was a member of the Scarborough School Board, and who, therefore, has had valuable experience in these matters, and would, I am sure, be a valuable aid to the furtherance of the scheme for university extension. Miss Balgarnie was sent by the British Women's Temperance League (an older and equally important society than our W. C. T. U.) and the Women's Trades Union Association, and was qualified also to represent thirteen other societies of England, where she is well-

known and most acceptable to the highest audiences in the metropolis. She has also represented certain of the above societies in France, and was tendered a reception by the Minister Yves Guyot, where she shamed the Parisians by addressing them in their own tongue. Miss Balgarnie will be in Buffalo early in November, and as I have the honour to count her as a friend I may be pardoned for giving the name of her agent in America for her public work, Mrs. Claude Quigley Murphy, of the *Toledo Daily Commercial*, Toledo, Ohio.

What does she look like? is a question that is quite fair when one is talking about a public speaker. Miss Balgarnie is tall, fair, handsome, refined, cultivated and highly educated, and charms her audiences as much by her manner as her matter. *La Citoyenne*, August, 1889, Paris, gave a verbatim report of Miss Balgarnie's address delivered in French before the International Congress, and the *Rappel* reviewed the same address fully. This speaks highly for Miss Balgarnie's command of the French tongue, and should be her passport through all our provinces.

The ceremony of the re-interment of the bodies, or, rather, the bones, of the soldiers found in the burial trench recently on the field of the battle of Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814, will take place with military honours on the 17th October. A detachment of the men then in camp at Niagara will be present, and Major-General Herbert will take part in the ceremony if possible. The few relics found (buttons, a bit of an officer's coat flap, etc.) will be laid on the bier and afterwards taken charge of by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society.

The question of a Government grant for an historical publication fund for Ontario is being agitated in the proper circles. Captain Cruikshank, the author of several valuable historical pamphlets published by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, the Canadian Institute and other bodies, says, in a letter to the L. L. H. S.: "I hope your efforts in re the Publication Fund will be successful. The Michigan Pioneer Society have just published two volumes, 8vo., of more than 700 pages each, entirely made up of documents obtained from Ottawa. Wisconsin and Illinois have published others from the same source, and it is a great pity that Canada, especially Ontario, should not properly appreciate the value of the documents she possesses."

The Rev. J. G. Murray, of Grimsby, writes me that at present the young men of that neighbourhood do not respond

as readily as might be wished to the desire of himself and Mr. Nelles to revive the historical society that existed in that pretty little place under the name of the Grimsby Loyal Canadian Society some years ago. It is known that certain relics of the war of 1812 are in possession of old residents of that neighbourhood, a neighbourhood where U.E.L. names abound still, and it would certainly add to the interest of the lives of the present generation if they would set themselves to record the records of a glorious past in which the men and women of their own blood fought a good fight for king and country, the brilliancy of which reflects on themselves if they will only remove the tarnish that at present obscures it.

A literary friend of keen critical judgment and refined taste says of *Le Chien d'Or*, which she has lately read for the first time, "I am astonished at the genius it shows. Is it not strange that a writer with such a vivid power of presenting his facts and giving life to the scenes and characters he portrays * * should never have written another novel * * I certainly never expected to find such a flow of imagination, such rich and appropriate imagery, such vitality and passion as *Le Chien d'Or* displays, and all in the fetters of an historical novel. If it could have been condensed I think it would have been more effective. But such a group of pictures required a large canvas, and it seems to me that the descriptions of life in New France with which it is filled—of seigneurs and bourgeois, priests and soldiers, nuns and fine ladies, life in the manor-house and among the habitants, in the tavern and the palace, deserves to be called the prose epic of French Canada."

If I do not mistake Mr. Kirby's temperament, the above criticism coming from so able a source will be like oil poured upon many wounds in connection with his *chef d'œuvre*; and it is a criticism with which every reader of cultivation and judgment cannot fail to agree most sympathetically.

I am writing this letter with the Centric pen, sold by Messrs. Hart & Co., of this city, and beg to recommend it cordially for ease and fluency to all writers. I may add, however, for the benefit of the makers, that if the holder were of a finer quality, finished in cork or rubber instead of metal, and the slit for the pen made a little tighter, my pen wobbling until tightened with a bit of paper, nothing would be left to desire. I have used the No. 61, small series, for a week, a longer period than I have had any pen last, with strong ink, for a year or two.

S. A. CURZON.



HERE was great excitement in Riverton and vicinity. A vacancy had occurred in the representation of the constituency in the House of Commons, and a government and an opposition candidate were already in the field. The election agent and the election patriot—the would-be saviour of his country—were abroad; as well as the honest man who would not sell his vote for a dollar, but would conscientiously register it for five. The special correspondent, who has the supernatural power of seeing whatever he wishes whenever he wishes, flooded the columns of the newspaper with incontrovertible facts which incontrovertibly contradicted other facts equally incontrovertible published in other newspapers; and the rival editors, with mutual expressions of esteem and affection, and after some general allusions to the servile sycophancy of journalistic hermaphrodites, arraigned each other as falsifiers of facts, grovelling office seekers or pap guzzlers, political hacks devoid of conscience, unpatriotic and detestable tricksters and boodlers, enemies to the well being of the country, and various other things too numerous to mention all with the most polite and unanimous volubility. Riverton read the papers, and wrangled over their contents, and lauded or denounced the rival candidates and their respective parties with equal vehemence and less politeness. The political pot bubbled and bubbled, and the more the fire was stirred the more froth appeared; until a disinterested party looking on could hardly be censured for assuming that there was nothing else.

But on a certain Tuesday in October Riverton was unusually agitated. Both candidates were to speak in the village that night, and present for the consideration of the stalwart yeomanry the momentous issues of the hour. One enthusiastic gentleman was so weighed upon that afternoon by a sense of his own importance and the gravity of the occasion that he forgot to go home to supper. Another was so profoundly affected that he put on an old ragged hat with his best suit, and forgot to put on a necktie. These two lovers of humanity and foes of oppression met.



"I tell you," roared the first, "we'll lick you out of your boots!"

"I tell you," shouted the second, "you can't do it!"

"Why didn't you bring a man out?" howled the first.

"We didn't bring a — adventurer out, anyhow," answered the second.

"You did worse. You brought out a dirty rogue!"

"Who's a rogue? Don't you talk about rogues! A man that sticks to a party that bribed its way into power, and stays there by bribery, hadn't ought to talk about rogues. You talk about rogues! Why, your man made his money by rogues."

"Ye-e-es! You don't say so! And where—where—if I may ask—did your man get his? Hey?"

"He didn't steal it. He give value for it every time."

A crowd had gathered by this time, each member of which had some item of information he wished to add to the general fund, and in a very few minutes the private and public character of each candidate was fully exposed and commented on. Many of the facts, to which men were prepared to swear on a stack of bibles if need be, would doubtless have been news to the candidates themselves; but a public man does learn a good deal about himself from outside sources. Some vigorous voters from "way back," whose enthusiasm was stimulated by free drinks, emphasised their remarks with their fists, for the contest was one of unusual bitterness. It was noticeable that a good deal more was known, or claimed to be known, about the candidates than about the state of the country, or the policy of the respective parties. Here and there a man aired his ignorance of public affairs with supreme self-satisfaction, and a degree of "pig-headedness" proportionate to his ignorance; but the chief topic of conversation was the candidates themselves. As evening fell and the hour of the meeting approached, people crowded to the public hall, which was soon packed almost to suffocation.

Mr. Spike was the standard bearer of the government party, Mr. Snike of the opposition. Mr. Spike was tall and Mr. Snike was not.

"We'll hear the long and short of it now," facetiously remarked a citizen.

A well primed granger caught the venerable joke, chuckled over it, passed it on, and quite a quiver of amusement followed its introduction to the diaphragm of the honest voter. A gentleman named Smiler was, by the unanimous voice of the assembly, appointed chairman. Mr. Smiler was a young man who had political aspirations of his own; but, as a down-trodden and despairing country had not yet implored the intervention of his Titanic front between it and the pending stroke of doom, he was as yet an unknown quantity of the future.

"GENTLEMEN," said Mr. Smiler, "I appreciate, I assure you, the high honour of being called upon to preside in a meeting of such marked importance. I assure you that such an unexpected honour quite overwhelms me, and I hardly know in what terms to express my gratification. I will endeavour, I assure you, to perform the duties devolving upon me to the very best of my poor ability. I assure you that it is with the best possible feeling towards both candidates that I take my place here to-night. I have always taken a deep interest in political matters, and have even felt, I may frankly say, that if the time should ever come when occasion and my friends should demand it, I would be willing to sacrifice my own private inclinations for the sake of the public good. (Applause). Gentlemen, I assure you that this evidence of

your good feeling goes to my heart. I trust that you will never find me recreant to any trust you may at any time repose in me. (Renewed applause). Gentlemen, I am touched, I am deeply touched by your expression of feeling. It does you credit—ah—I mean that you do me too much honour, I assure you. I assure you that this is the proudest moment of my life. Gentlemen, I had not intended to speak at any length, but in view of the, I may say, the magnificent reception you have given me, I will, when the candidates have spoken, indulge in a few further remarks. I would earnestly bespeak for the gentlemen who will address you a fair and respectful hearing. These distinguished gentlemen will present for your consideration their respective views, and I doubt not that when you go from hence to whence you came—that is—I assure you, gentlemen—I—ah—I—will now introduce Mr. Spike for your consideration—Mr. Spike—or, rather, I will introduce Mr. Spike for your consideration—I mean I will now introduce you to Mr. Spike, the government candidate, who will first address you." (Prolonged applause, during which Mr. Smiler justified his name and sat down, and Mr. Spike reared himself slowly towards the ceiling).

Mr. Spike, after a few preliminary compliments, in which the excellent chairman and the vast and intelligent audience and his honourable friend figured conspicuously, launched into his subject with much vigour. He had evidently laid in a goodby stock of rhetorical fireworks, and by the aid of his own thunder got up quite a lively storm. Respect for non-political readers, and for the cold, naked truth, prevents the insertion of anything more than his peroration in this veracious chronicle. It was as follows:—



"GENTLEMEN, I have, I think, made it clear to you that this country is on the high way to a brilliant and prosperous future; that it is almost there; that if I had a little more time and a few more figures it would be there now. I have shown you in an unmistakable manner that the present glorious administration is alone to be credited, is alone responsible, and that it is to it we owe our homage and praise and thanksgiving, our heartfelt devotion and admiration and love for our



present unparalleled prosperity and happiness, and for the glorious, the magnificent, the incomparably brilliant and prosperous future stretching like a still more lovely and alluring land of promise along the roseate vista of the coming years. This government has fostered and encouraged and developed the industries of this great and glorious Canada of ours in a manner and to an extent unsurpassing even our wildest dreams, by laying forever the gaunt spectre of foreign competition. Huge factories, smoking chimneys, the roar of machinery in motion, fruitful fields, smiling gardens, teeming waters, the blue sky and the gentle zephyr—all attest the wise, paternal and patriotic policy of the government. Good wages, cheap food, work for all, a healthful climate and a beneficent Providence give indisputable evidence of the capacity of the government to bring about both national and individual felicity. The cheek of the labourer is ruddy with health, his pocket jingles with ready cash, and smiles the babe and laughs the happy mother. Monopoly—that hideous vampire which has sapped the life of other nations and left them empty wrecks upon the shore of Desolation—has been strangled at its birth in this Canada of ours, by the iron grasp of Individual Equality, the offspring of our paternal government. The policy of this government has vastly increased our trade with foreign countries, and our snowy sails whiten the expanse of river, lake and ocean, bearing the wealth of all climes to our mast-thronged harbours, bursting warehouses and happy inland homes. It has promoted immigration; and by a judicious policy and expenditure has settled in the country a large and ever-increasing number of honest, industrious persons, many of them possessing considerable wealth. It has given the farmer a ready market for his produce, and encouraged bountiful harvests by a beneficent weather bureau. It has made glad the hearts of our fishermen by bountiful protection and fostering care. It has reduced the expenditure for civil government to a minimum, and cast adrift the army of parasites that fattened on the country under the late iniquitous government. It has practised straight-laced economy in every department. It has spent vast sums on essential public works; and, while furnishing employment to thousands, has increased our facilities for traffic and travel, binding the hitherto heterogeneous provinces into one grand coherent homogeneity with an impregnable foundation and an indissoluble bond of union and brotherhood. It has judiciously increased the public debt and decreased the rate of interest—concomitants that fill with rejoicing the heart of every true Canadian. Our bonds sell like hot cakes, and money-lenders quarrel on the streets of London for the right to purchase them. Our credit stands higher to-day than ever before; and we are to-day the wonder and admiration of a gaping world,—thanks to the prudence, foresight, sublime statesmanship, and immaculate political purity of the present administration.

"GENTLEMEN, this is the government you are now asked to support. I do not fear the result. To support the present government is to support the wisest, purest, most patriotic, economical administration that exists on the face of the earth—I had almost said the universe—to-day."

When the applause had subsided, the chairman introduced Mr. Snike, who was decidedly peppery after the remarks of the last speaker. He indulged in no preliminaries whatever, but went at it, hammer and tongs. The air was full of figures in a moment, and gasping voters inhaled millions at every breath. Mr. Snike was armed to the teeth, and he gave no quarter. He reviewed his opponent's speech point by point, contradicted it, ridiculed it, fumed over it, laughed at it, sneered at it, tore it to shreds, and buried the sorry remnants under a mountain of scorn.

"GENTLEMEN," said Mr. Snike in conclusion, "I have, I think, made it clear to you that this country is on the high way to destruction; that it is almost there; that if I had a little more time and a few more figures it would be there now. I have shown you that the present condition of affairs is wholly and solely due to the criminal mismanagement, gross extravagance, and utter disregard of people's rights, as evidenced by the present execrable and iniquitous ad-



ministration. This government is rotten to the core. Bribery, corruption, nepotism, suppression of facts, false returns, and all the long list of unrighteous acts that mark a career of public plunder and a time of national disgrace, are characteristic of this unholy compact. The English language contains no words sufficiently emphatic and unequivocal to fully denounce and hold up in its true colours to the public gaze this, the most corrupt and unprincipled and criminal administration that ever disgraced any portion of the British empire. But it is a source of satisfaction that despite its unrivalled electioneering skill, its almost superhuman unscrupulousness, despite the power of bribery and indiscriminate corruption, it is fast hastening to its downfall; that the cry has at last gone forth to "turn the rascals out;" that the handwriting on the wall has at last appeared; that the long list of crimes perpetrated upon a long-suffering and despairing public is at length to be brought home to the ruthless betrayers of a nation's trust; and that they are at last to feel the swift vengeance of an aroused and outraged public sentiment. What has this government done? It has destroyed our industries by a ruinous and senseless fiscal policy. Smokeless chimneys in every town and hamlet from Sydney to Vancouver declaim with mute but thrilling eloquence against the horrible system inaugurated by this detestable horde of policy-mongers. Scarcity of work, nominal wages, and dear food appal the toilers of the land; and the idle hands and empty pockets of the labourer, and the wretched condition of his family give indisputable evidence of the widespread destitution. Pallid poverty, with hungry, haunting eyes, looks out imploringly from half a million wretched homes, and calls upon every lover of his country, every sympathizer with suffering humanity, every man who loves liberty and hates oppression to rise up and smite the hydra-headed monster that deals out woe and misery on every hand. We hear of failing crops, of languishing industries, of shipwreck and disaster at sea, of deadly storms and killing frosts, of railway accidents and fearful epidemics; but, thank Heaven, we hear, too, the rising thunder of popular discontent, the premonition of that remedial storm which shall ere long sweep like a besom of destruction through the Augean stables at Ottawa, clearing the political atmosphere and preparing for the nurture of healthy and honourable statesmanship. What has this government done? It has placed the fair white neck of honest competition beneath the iron heel of a soulless and grinding Monopoly. It has destroyed our foreign trade, and our ship-building industry; and soon the flag of Canadian commerce will be as little known on the Atlantic as Phœnician argosies on eastern seas. It has squandered millions on a reckless immigration policy and filled the streets of our towns with foreign paupers, brought over at the expense of the people who now have to support them. It has deprived the farmer of a market for his produce, and blighted at once his crops and his hopes. Where once the golden harvest waved in the bright autumnal sunshine, the gaunt grasshopper seeks in vain for nourishment and shelter from the howling storm. It has rendered our fisheries unproductive, and the fish and fishermen are alike starving. It has enormously increased the expenditure for civil government, and pursued a course of wasteful extravagance, lining its own pockets with unlawful gains and feeding its pampered favourites at the public crib. It has squandered millions upon millions of the people's money on unnecessary and unproductive public works, buying political support by means of fat contracts given to friends, and creating offices for the benefit of its hireling crew. It has set province against province, class against class, race against race, religion against religion, and has strained almost to the point of bursting asunder the bonds that should unite these scattered provinces into one grand and glorious nationality. It has burdened the country with an enormous debt, unprecedented in the history of national finance, and made us the laughing-stock of the whole world. Thus far it has triumphed by a system of wholesale bribery and corruption, and by the practice of all the infernal arts known to an unpatriotic, self-seeking and wholly unscrupulous clique of political bummers.

"Yes, GENTLEMEN, this is the government you are asked to support. And I, too, do not fear the result. I, too, believe that you are sensible men. And I say that you have only to exercise your judgment to become fully aware that to support this government is to support the vilest, rottenest, most extravagant and infamous administration that has ever encumbered the earth!"

Mr. Snike sat down amid great applause and loud counter cheers. Then the chairman arose, and it was supposed that he was about to introduce Mr. Spike again, that gentle-

man having indulged in several paroxysms of excitement which seemed likely at any moment to end in apoplexy. But Mr. Smiler, who seemed to have been struck by a sudden inspiration, spoke as follows:

"GENTLEMEN, you have listened with commendable patience to the able speeches of both candidates. They have spoken well, and each has backed his arguments by a formidable array of figures. But, gentlemen, both cannot possibly be right. The country cannot be at once bankrupt and prosperous. The government cannot be at once extravagant and economical, at once immaculate and infamous. Yet such are the statements. Now your own good sense tells you that both gentlemen have been exaggerating. And you don't want as a representative an extremist in politics. You want a man of moderate views, a man who will not be the mouthpiece of any party, a man who will not be at the beck and nod of any party leader, but who will take an intelligent, a manly, and an independent position as your representative in the House of Commons. Gentlemen, I am such a man. And as such I take this opportunity of remarking that in such capacity I will be a candidate for your suffrage in the now pending election. Gentlemen, I assure you —"

Curiosity followed by amazement had thus far held everybody silent, but when Mr. Smiler reached the climax of his remarks the dogs were let loose. Men shouted, and cheered, and laughed, and whistled, thumped the floor with canes and boot heels, and altogether gave Mr. Smiler such an ovation as he had never received before, and in all probability would never receive again. The effect on the candidates was fearful to behold. Both leaped to their feet, both brandished their arms, both rushed to the edge of the platform, neither paid the slightest attention to the other, and both ignored the chairman.

"Gentlemen," yelled Snike, "this is outrageous!"

"Gentlemen," yelled Spike, "this is atrocious and unpardonable!"

"Kah for Smiler!" yelled a voice from the rear of the room.

And hurrah it was; with a "hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Gentlemen," screamed Spike, "I claim the floor."

"Sit down on it then," said Smiler, blandly. "I beg to inform you that I have the floor."

"Sit down yourself, sir!" vociferated Spike. "I'll kick you, sir!"

"Kah for Smiler," called out another voice; and another burst of cheers marked the popular appreciation of this brilliant *coup de main*.

The candidates gesticulated, and screamed, and danced with rage, shook their fists at Smiler, and glared at one another, while to swell the general uproar and render the scene supremely ridiculous a dog upon the platform lifted up his voice in a series of most lugubrious howls.

He was a dog with a mania for politics, and like many bipeds similarly afflicted was anxious to be heard of men.

It was useless to attempt to restore order in that assembly. Perceiving this, the candidates and their friends upon the platform took their hats and went down among the audience, leaving Mr. Smiler in triumphant possession of the rostrum, from which vantage ground he vainly sought to gain a further hearing from anybody except a small boy, and two men who were not voters. He assured these that he was a man of independent and honourable political views, and did not approve of such a disgraceful affair as a campaign of abuse, recrimination and slander. Men, he said, should speak mildly, and express their views in a gentlemanly and statesmanlike manner. Then he went on to remark that both the political parties in Canada were utterly rotten and disreputable; that they had not had a conscientious scruple, and had not advocated a progressive principle for lo, these many years; and that the time was now ripe for the honest, unbought element in this Canada of ours to rise up and deflogistically squelch and utterly smash both the Grits and the Tories—the heelers the squealers, the boodlers, the grabbers, and everything that stood between the people and good government. He further remarked that the hour was at hand—yea—that the hour would strike almost immediately; and that then the overlaid, long suffering, and utterly nauseated public stomach would reject any further buncombe, and spew out the sickening mess of Grit and Tory politics. With a few more assurances of the moderate character of his political views, and a casual reference to maggots in a festering and putrefying body politic, Mr. Smiler got down, shook hands with the two non-voters, patted the small boy on the head and gave him a peppermint, and undertook the modest contract of shaking hands with every man in the room. Strong personal canvassing was being carried on by

the candidates and their committee men present, and the crowd seemed in no great hurry to depart. When it had grown somewhat thin, and the mass had become a series of groups, Mr. Spike could be seen in close conversation with a member of his committee. Presently the said M. of C. espied a farmer standing by himself not far from them.

"Ah," he said, "there is Catchall from Pokeville. I must speak to him."

The M. of C. went over to Mr. Catchall, whose face, as the former approached him, assumed an expression which seemed to say, "Now don't suggest money to me—please don't. I'm an honest man. I vote on principle. And don't dare to breathe the word 'soap.' My hands are never soiled. And if you should so much as hint at 'influence,' I'd knock you down."

"Mr. Catchall," said M. of C., shaking hands with him, "how do you do, sir. I hope I see you in good health."

"Fair to middlin', squire—only fair to middlin'. Not so kinky as I was ten years ago. Gittin' old, squire—gittin' old."

"Ah yes, that's the way with us all, Mr. Catchall. Well, what's the news?"

"Notbin' new, squire. Hard times—but that's no news in this country."

"Oh yes, I've heard you talk before. It's all very fine for you to talk about hard times, when we all know you have the snugest place in Pokeville. You're a sly one, Catchall."

"Not half so sly as these here politicians," said Mr. Catchall with a knowing wink.

"Of course we expect you to say so. But what do you think of the chances for Spike this time? Capital speech he made to-night, don't you think?"

This was a feeler. But Mr. Catchall was not to be caught at the first throw.

"Plenty of gab, squire—plenty of gab. But Snike rather got the best of him. Eh?"

"Snike! You don't mean to say that you put any faith in what Snike would say? Smart man—no doubt about that—but you can't trust him. The man has no conscience—wants to get elected, that's all."

"Well, I don't know, squire, but it seems to me it's about time we had a change of government now. I ain't no good to argey, but I reckon a change wouldn't do no harm. Times is mighty hard—I know that."

"Well, but, Mr. Catchall, you approve of the general policy of the government, don't you?"

"I used to, that's a fact. I give 'em a vote last time. But I been kinder thinkin' it over lately, an' I come to the conclusion there's a heap too much money spent that we don't git no good of. We don't never git nothin' down here. I know I never git no good of it."

This was a counter feeler, so to speak; and M. of C., like the shrewd man he was, at once took the cue.

"Got any stock to sell this fall, Mr. Catchall?"

"Well yes, squire. I got some fine lambs out there."

"You have one particularly fine one, haven't you?"

"Yes—there is one a good deal better'n 'tother ones."

"What price do you set on that one, now?"

"I 'spose about five or ten dollars, squire."

"Well now, look here. Suppose I gave you ten dollars for that lamb, and you keep it till I call for it—unless you see a chance to sell it when you sell the rest—would you be likely to call it a bargain?"

"Well, I guess I would, squire—seein' its you."

"Very well—we'll consider it settled. Now, Mr. Catchall, what do you really think of Spike's chances?"

"I should say they was good, squire—good."

"I suppose you'd be apt to say that almost anywhere. Eh?"

"Yes, squire. I'd uphold them principles anywheres."

"In Pokeville, for instance?"

"It's not unlikely, squire—as you say—I might."

"And if you did talk in Pokeville, what effect would it have? Anybody listen, do you think?"

"Well, I guess so. I got some influence out there, moral influence—strictly moral influence, squire."

"I'm glad to hear it—in fact, I knew it. Remember, if you see a chance to sell that lamb at a good figure, you can do so. I must go now—good-bye."

M. of C. took his hand from his pocket and placed it in the hand of Mr. Catchall. Mr. Catchall took his hand from the hand of M. of C. and put it in his pocket.

Then M. of C. went away, and Mr. Catchall soliloquised as follows: "That lamb's only half sold—wish one of Snike's fellers 'ud come along now."



One of "Snike's fellers" did come along, and Mr. Catchall's face once more assumed its deprecatory expression.

"Mr. Catchall," said the second M. of C., "how are you. You'll give us your influence this time, I hope?"

"I'd like to, squire. But your party haint got the right policy. Besides, squire, I couldn't honestly vote for Snike—don't put no dependence in the feller."

"Oh, the man's all right—best of the two by all odds. He sticks up for his county every time. You know that. And as for policy, no party could possibly give us any harder times than we have now. Then look at the dishonesty and extravagance of the government."

"Times is hard," admitted Mr. Catchall,—mighty hard. I know I got bills to meet an' I can't git hold of a dollar. I never was so pushed in my life."

The second M. of C. took his cue.

"By the way, I think I owe you a trifle myself, Mr. Catchall. There was a little balance between us on account of some butter I bought from you just before the last local election, wasn't there?"

"I don't rightly remember, squire—mehbe so. I could tell by lookin' at the book."

"Well, I think there was—almost sure of it. Look it up, and I'll settle it when I come out next week."

"It won't be mor'n ten dollars squire—not mor'n ten dollars. You him rely on that."

"All right—I'll fix it. But, Mr. Catchall, don't you really think you could give us your influence?"

"That's my intention, squire. I was only jokin' with you a while ago. You kin count on me every time."

"Good. I knew your heart was in the right place, and your head too. How does Pokeville go this time?"

"I guess I kin stir 'em up out there so's our man 'll git the bulk of the vote. I got some influence out there, moral influence—strictly moral influence, squire."

"Good again. Well, I'll see you again in a few days. I must move around now—Good night."

The second M. of C. moved away, and again Mr. Catchall soliloquised, "I guess I kin afford to buy that cow, after all—wish Smiler 'ud come along." But Smiler, having dislocated his shoulder in shaking hands with a particularly influential man, failed to appear; and the honest man with the moral influence in Pokeville wended his homeward way reflecting upon the low moral status of our public men.

Two electors were conversing in another part of the room, one of them a bleary individual whose dominant expression was one of mingled simplicity and cunning.

"Say," queried this gentleman, with a laugh and a wink, "did you git any money?"

"No," said the other. "I am not in the market."

"Well," said the bleary individual, winking again, "they say there's money flyin' round; an' if there is, I'd like to git a squint at it."

"How do you vote this time?" asked the other.

"Don't know yit—haint decided. I brought in a hull waggon load pollin' day last local, an' we was all to git a dollar apiece. We voted all right, but we never seen the dollar.* They don't never fool me agin—bet yer bottom cent on that."

Mr. Spike had meantime been surrounded by a group of gentlemen standing just outside the door. One of them was a prominent member of the church, and was now struggling manfully in the toils of Satan.

*A fact.

"I tell you, Mr. Spike, there's no man living I'd rather vote for than yourself, personally. But I can't—I can't possibly support this rotten government. I have every confidence in you, Mr. Spike—every confidence. I know you to be an honest man. I know you'll do the very best you can for us if you are elected. I've always respected you, Mr. Spike—always. No man I respect more. And I challenge any man—yes sir, any man—to show that I ever said one word against you personally. And I'd like to support you—I would indeed. But to vote for you would be to vote for the government; and I couldn't—my conscience, Mr. Spike, my conscience wouldn't let me—give any countenance to such a rotten government. It's a matter of conscience, Mr. Spike. I'm sorry—very, very sorry that I can't support you. You're one of ourselves, you've made your way by honest, hard work. I respect you, as I said before, but I can't conscientiously support the government. That's positively the only objection."

There was some further argument, and protestation, and expostulation, after which Mr. Spike started to move off. The conscientious gentleman followed him, and plucked his sleeve when they were beyond hearing of the others.

"Say," he remarked, in a cautious and confidential undertone, "I might give you a vote, Mr. Spike, if—if you'd make me a—nice little present."

Even Spike was not prepared for such a peculiar freak of conscience as this one, and for a moment could only stand and stare.

"Well," he said at length, "I couldn't do it myself, you know. But—I'll see what can be done, Mr. Blank."

Then the conscientious gentleman renewed his assurances of respect and affection for dear Mr. Spike personally, and the two parted company once more, the one to continue his vote hunt, the other to repair to the family altar.*

The chronicler of this great meeting was called away at this juncture. He learned afterwards that both Spike and Snike and their leading supporters were busy till very late that night and that there were many swelled heads in the morning. But the country was greatly benefitted and it was noted thereafter that the merchants had less difficulty in collecting amounts due them than for a long time—a sure indication of national prosperity.

The campaign was short, sharp and exciting. On nomination day the name of Smiler was added to the list of candidates, and he made a stirring appeal to the electors, on the grounds stated in his former speech, already referred to. Business was practically suspended for a fortnight prior to election day, and tremendous efforts were made to bring every voter to the polls. When at length the result was announced, it was learned that the government candidate had been elected by a considerable majority, and that Mr. Smiler had at least saved his deposit. As soon as the result of the voting was made known, there were ominous threats of a protest on the ground that Spike's election had been bought and paid for. The friends of Mr. Spike trembled exceedingly for some days, for they feared that the "indiscretion" of some free and independent supporter, in not leaving his pocketbook at home when he went canvassing, might render the election null and void. But their opponents, having been likewise guilty of "indiscretion," were deterred, doubtless by that honour which is said to exist

*The truth of the above incident is vouched for by one of the best known of Canadian public men.



among—politicians, from carrying the threats into execution. Their candidate contented himself with remarking on declaration day that he must submit to the cash verdict, that he was more sorry for the country than for himself, that he was thankful to his friends and proud of the great moral victory they had gained, and that they would hear from him again. He was conquered, but not subdued.

Mr. Smiler thanked his supporters for their aid, disputed Snike's claim to the great moral victory, referred to the honest, unbought element in the constituency, and assured the people that they would hear from him again.



A brief newspaper war followed the election; and a man with a mania for statistics calculated that there were, in the collective opinion of erudite editors all over the Dominion, one thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine causes which led directly to the victory of Spike and the defeat of Snike. The aforesaid statistician added eleven causes on his own account, in order to have a neat two thousand; and mentioned, among others, confederation, the landing of the Loyalists, the discovery of America and Alcohol, and the fact that Spike received a majority of votes.

Then the election was placed on the editor's reference list, excitement gradually waned, and the ruin of Canada and the end of the world took another leap into the future. N.B.—The recent revelations at Ottawa and Quebec have

caused a profound sensation at Riverton and vicinity. Little else is talked of. Among those most deeply affected are the man with a moral influence in Pokeville and the gentleman whose conscience would not permit him to support the party of which Mr. Spike was the standard bearer. The man with the strictly moral influence in Pokeville has been heard to declare that if this is the sort of politics we are going to have in Canada he will take his innocent children with him and go like Abraham in search of a country; while the conscientious gentleman, in a prayer meeting recently, took occasion publicly to direct the attention of the Ruler of the Universe to the awful inroads sin is making in the ranks of those who should be men of light and leading in this Canada of ours. A half-witted fellow, who does odd jobs around Riverton, working by the day—a shiftless sort of fellow who would not have sense enough to pick up a ten dollar bill if he saw it lying around—narrowly escaped lynching for having expressed views entirely out of accord with those of the community at large. This idiot declared that the big boodlers at Ottawa and Quebec got their training among the little boodlers down in the towns and counties, and were simply doing what they had the warrant of the electors—and their example too—to do. He further declared, with rascally hardihood, that if men were not eager to be bought down in the constituencies there would be no dishonourable traffic in Ottawa or Quebec—that the whole crowd were tarred with the same stick—and unless reform began in the counties it would never be effective at the capital.



As he richly deserved, the fellow was driven out of town and chased with pike-poles and pitchforks twenty-five miles into the woods.

A. M. BELDING.

Stick to Facts.

We notice that several enthusiastic Chicago Canadians have written to editors across the line stating that Chicago has a Canadian population of 80,000. This is a gross exaggeration. She hasn't 50,000. She may have 40,000, but we doubt it. We prefer, however, to await the census returns before refusing her the latter number. But large as the Canadian colony, the English and Scotch colony is larger. How is this accounted for? Is it because this is the leader of high tariff nations, and Canada's tariff is only a weak imitation of ours; this country being more attractive in consequence? Or is it because England and Scotland have nothing to offer her young men who are after fame and fortune; no attraction to hold them to their native land? If Young Canada felt no desire to see the world he would stay at home. He sees a good deal of it in Chicago and he comes here for that purpose. Tariffs, high or low, will not keep him at home while there is the least disposition to rove. One must look elsewhere for the motives that conduce to the movement out of Canada. The desire to be "on the move," has a great deal to do with the exodus, and the race comes honestly by that roving spirit which leads some of its members to pull up stakes and seek new pastures.—*Chicago "Canadian American."*

Six Years' Wrangle over a Will.

Six years ago a man in New Jersey left by will \$12,000 to Mr. Henry George for the dissemination of "single tax" literature. The will was contested and got into the hands of the lawyers, who have had a six years' wrangle over its contents. As a result Mr. George has finally received \$318 and the heirs to the estate \$296. The remainder, *i.e.*, \$11,386 has gone to the lawyers. A good illustration, says an American paper, of "progress and poverty" except from the legal standpoint.



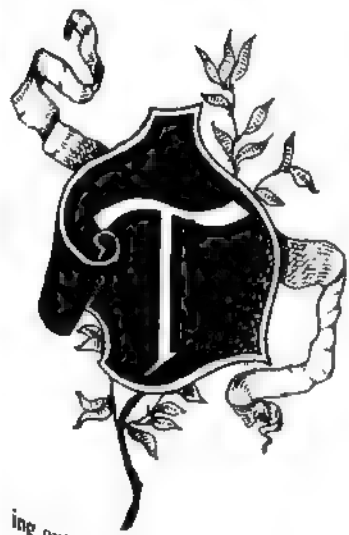
CHICOUTIMI VILLAGE, SAGUENAY RIVER, P.Q., IN 1868.



LARGE STUMP IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.
BIG TREES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BIG TREES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By JAMES P. MACINTYRE.



Former dwellers in the eastern parts of this great Dominion and the Mother Country, who exchange their share in the national heritage, to fall into line with their more western kin in the youngest province in the confederation, the average growth of timber of the heavier orders which clothe the mountain slopes of the Pacific coast impels itself upon them with no scant force. In Britain there is history, and stand-

on the big things done, and to be seen in the States; but when he can show such a product as will accommodate over a hundred guests at lunch, the interior of the uncommon restaurant lighted throughout with electricity—he is to be forgiven. Still bigger trees are said to exist in their territories—a cedar at Gray's harbour being credited with a girth of one hundred and three feet. When a world's fair or an Anglo-Colonial fair shall be inaugurated at Montreal, the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, there is a likelihood of its being adorned with equally vast proportioned trees, the product of the Pacific portion of the Confederation.

It is recorded of the ancients that they understood the preservative qualities of the cedar, using its oil in the embalming process, also placing their documents in receptacles made from that genus of the conifers. The wise Solomon was indebted to the cedars of Lebanon for the wood work of his famous temple, the scant grove remaining of the forest from which the timber had been culled standing to-day as evidence of the Vandalistic nature of Hiram, King of Tyre. Remarkable as the Lebanon cedars may be in spread of bough and historic interest, those ancient trees, some of whose coats have gone concentrically mad, defying the botanist in his investigations of age—they would stand as pigmies alongside of their immensely tall prototypes which stud the mountainous Province of British Columbia. There is not on the Pacific slope a Nippon Dai Matsu such as the Japanese can boast of, with its extraordinary width over all of two hundred and forty-two feet, and its three hundred and twenty-six props; but a large member of the family of conifers afforded space sufficient in its hollow trunk to carry on a real estate business. On the peninsula bounded by the Canal de Bassamet, now known as Burrard Inlet, on the north, and on the other impinged on by the waters of False Creek, the inception of a town was marked by such an incident, and although the exceptional hollowness of this particular tree was rare, numerous others in the immediate neighborhood would have served as hotels, restaurants and general business houses if treated similarly with the monarch of Tulare.

One of the attractions of the same city is an immense cedar, fifty-four feet in circumference, looming up in giant proportions amidst its fellows, adorning the same park. It is arrived at under the best of circumstances in roads and bridges, while the eye is charmed with the sweep of headlands shooting away on either side to the Gulf of Georgia, the line of the horizon broken by a timber clad island.

Another genus of the order measuring forty-four feet a fir—also stands serenely tall, gazed down upon by the two lions which Nature had formed when in a freakish mood, on the mountain top, remarkably co-incident with the fate of the gateway which they seem to guard, the inlet mostly meantime of the goods produced in the Orient and Southern Americas, through time the inlet and the outlet of an inter-colonial commerce, carried on under the watchful eye and powerful paw of the British lion.

If age does not always accomplish the decay of the hearts of the magnificent growths of tree life, the destructive agency of fire is at work and the Douglas firs, rich in resin, catch fire and hold it until but a shell of their majestic selves remain, or go crashing to the earth, shaking with an ominous force that which bore them in their stately uprightness for hundreds of years before. The landscapes which might be the never ending theme of the poet, and find their reflections on the easels of hundred of painters, are rendered disfigured by the marches of this enemy of beauty. Wherever the eyes are cast, rise from the younger growth and brush the bare rigid trunks of the martyrs to the oft recurring sweep of the fire fiend. Valuable timber is ruined when the forests are attacked by the all devouring element which finds increased hold in the matter that, extracted, would form important marketable commodities. The bark also of the hemlock spruce, which is most used here, is lost to the tanning industry which is yet but in its incipient state on the coast. Not so long ago a fire raged in the Surrey woods near the mouth of the Fraser river, which viewed from the opposite bank looked awesome. The dense smoke along the ridge of timber visible, capped long stretches of fire that spread with rapidity, borne swiftly along by the rich ingredients composing the trees which lay in its path. The atmosphere all

about, lurid as when charged with intense electrical currents, would brighten here and there; showers of sparks shot into the low lying cloud banks of smoke, prescient of the thundering fall of the giants whose proud plumed heads swayed and came tumbling to the earth. In the path of fire have been left tree stumps which force their large size upon one, from the novel uses to which they have been put. One of the most remarkable in this wise is that in which a bush-rancher at Mount Lehman, about forty miles inland from the coast, formed a comfortable home by dividing the interior of one of those relics of majesty and beauty into apartments, in which he lived, feeling no doubt more safe from the impending timber in the vicinity than if sheltered by a commodious house erected with mechanical skill. Some miles inland also, at a place called Langley, on the Fraser, it may be worth noting that a number of trees were discovered in which were chambers attributed to the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, but further than the mere finding of the interesting phenomena elucidation has not gone.

In height the Douglas firs and cedars especially attain striking altitudes, trees of two hundred to three hundred feet not being uncommon; in circumference, too, showing a remarkable extent. A tree, the hollow remains of which can conveniently hold a team of heavy draught horses with driver standing between, would cause some comment in countries less fortunate in the extent of timber, but the camera has depicted such a scene in immediate contiguity to one of the rising coast towns. Sections of trees measuring seven to fifteen feet in diameter are often found bolstered up and conspicuously placed in the thoroughfares of young cities, where they act as the bill poster's friend and bulletin board.

It is natural under such circumstances that lumber should form one of the most important industries of the province. Skid and railways mark a course into the thickest part of the forests, from which the timber is transported to the nearest water for conveyance in booms to the mills, which occupy suitable sites in different parts of the country. Arrived at the place of consignment the large logs, secured conveniently to the shute up which they glide, and laid their length to the large saws, go shrieking and groaning through the process which turns them out in lumber at the opposite end of the mill—the firs for house building and other purposes the beautiful cedar for doors and sashes and shingles—and the white spruce for stepping, and boxes for use in the transport of canned salmon, a slightly less important industry than that of lumber itself. This, the principal industry, spurred on by the convenient and inexhaustible supply of suitable timber for milling purposes, has developed in a measure commensurate with the demand for lumber in the Antipodean and Oriental countries. The mania of insurgism which makes the southern republics such a hot bed of strife and rebellion, augmented by the prolonged trouble in Chili, has had a fluctuating effect on the export timber trade of the province. Notwithstanding, the more passive nations to the east and far south have a constant fleet of vessels in communication with the companies doing business in this line. The Chinese, in imposing duty, levy the tax on the stick irrespective of size, so that a China bound ship may be determined at her berth by the almost uniform dimensions of the timber being stowed; whereas in the case of consignments to countries whose tariff demands a scale of duty per foot measurement, the lumber is sawn and shipped in the requisite sizes for immediate use in building. With the impetus given the industry through its foreign agencies, the facilities in conveying the timber, from its arriving at the mill until it emerges in its different proportions suited to building, have been improving so that at the present time the aid of mechanism has made it possible on the Fraser river to raise a log from the water and pass it through all the processes, almost without a hand being placed to the lumber unless to mark on the different lengths. No less striking than some of the immense trees, in their virgin glory, clothed with a swaying foliage still verdant and untouched by the destroying agency of men, or the more relentless fury of fire, are some of the timbers which have been shipped from the coast mills. Two sticks whose dimensions registered three feet broad, by the same measurement in depth and sixty feet long, were shipped by a Burrard Inlet milling company to the order of an eastern firm—the combined weight reaching twenty-five tons. Each stick comprised six thousand four hundred and eighty feet of lumber, it being allowed that they formed the two largest timbers ever cut by any milling concern in the province. Timber scaling ninety feet long with a measurement otherwise of about thirty inches have been produced in the Fraser river saw mills, being forwarded east, where they must have

ing out prominently from its pages are instances in which royal hands have planted shoots from trees, which ultimately under careful tending, attained to giant dimensions. Of those evidences of the reign of monarchs a high appreciation is felt, as well for significant events projected at the period of their planting as that the oak is emblematic of great and gallant deeds performed on ships of war, manned by hearts no less impervious to fear than were the planks on which the sons of insular Britain trod to the arquebuses and other engines of destruction in use in the early period of her history. Groups of well tended trees of different genus, of immense spread of bough, stand immovable sentinels through the ages, over some grand historic mansion, while those of whose patrimony they form part live and die, passing away while the space of their lives seems but to add strength and respected beauty to the noble emblems of heroic deeds. Forests of fir add beauty to the romantic landscapes of Scotland, as they burst upon the view in varying tints of green, as the sun courses his way through the zenith, casting light and shade as the reflection sweeps on over the whole front when the foliage is one mass of bright green, the trees in echelon scaling the mountain side and only lost to view across the summit.

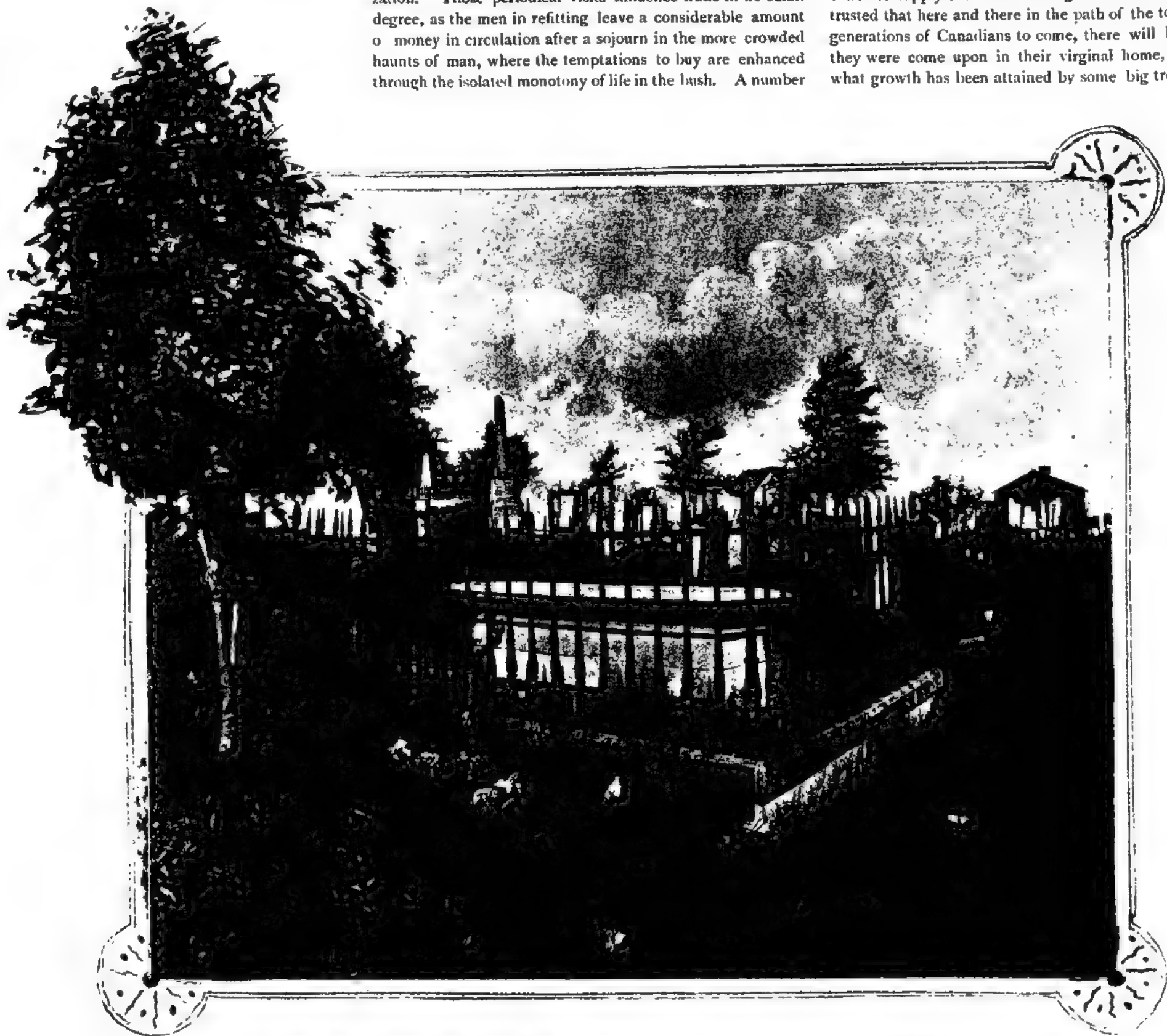
But reflection to boyhood's days in the older countries also tends to conjure up less significant phases of tree growth. There is the Fiji band with its tinkling timbrels, its German concertinas and piccolos, its squad of happy faces, and a fading day; cool and still cooler as the troop of merry young musicians wend their way into a beautiful glen, the road through which they pass fringed with hazel trees loaded with nuts, in the bed below a trout stocked stream meandering its way to the sea. Farther on is the roaring mill; the boom of the falling waters striking upon the ear in deep harmony with the surroundings. There is a grassy plot—a plateau, resting on the edge of the abyss into which the waters tumble and are crested with foam—whipped into anger by the rocks underneath. Spruce beer bottles are unpacked from a basket, the corks popping no less lively during lunch, accompanied with more natural laughter than does the product of the cork tree from the more elegant necks of champagne bottles at a banquetting table.

Extraordinary cases of growth or spread of bough are well attested, those instances where vast extent has been arrived at by any species of timber occupying a monumental celebrity in the minds of those who have viewed them. The votaries of 'fads' have for their most recent diversion turned their worship to a tree god. This contrivance for making life still worth the living was not sprung on the world unexpectedly; old Chappie's walking stick was a sign before of the way the fad hunting mind was tending. Big pieces of trees, and big trees rage, but how long their meteoric transcendence will last is likely to be more exactly arrived at after the world's fair in Chicago in 1893. A section of the famous Tulare county, Cal., cedar which measured three hundred and twelve feet in height, and ninety-nine feet in circumference at the base, taking ten experienced woodsmen five months and twelve days in the operation of cutting it down, is not likely to be the least interesting of the exhibits at the great fair which our cousins shall shortly foist upon the world, the magnetic powers of attraction of which shall be felt by most people of the earth. Our cousin is blamed for a little imaginative propensity in his nature, when disserting

formed a striking object lesson of the possibilities in the future of a territory which produces them. The history of lumbering in B. C. embraces yet but slightly over two decades, having its origin in the erection of mills in the old Canal de Sassamet by an English syndicate; from which time it has assumed the lead in the industries carried on in

the province. Seventy million feet of lumber was exported from that point in one year, and since then other sawmills have been erected and gone into operation. The benefits to the town do not lay, it may be conceived, directly with the mills, as an army of loggers are in the woods continually dropping in now and again to enjoy the comforts of civilization. Those periodical visits influence trade in no small degree, as the men in refitting leave a considerable amount of money in circulation after a sojourn in the more crowded haunts of man, where the temptations to buy are enhanced through the isolated monotony of life in the bush. A number

of milling concerns of minor importance in point of capacity are natural adjuncts of the industry: sash and door factories, carrying their own steam power for the reduction of logs; shingle mills also obtruding their meagre fronts on spaces employing their quota of men both in the works and in the woods. Through those influences the largest trees will be culled to supply the never failing demand; but it is to be trusted that here and there in the path of the tourist and the generations of Canadians to come, there will be left as they were come upon in their virginal home, evidences of what growth has been attained by some big trees in B.C.



GRAVE OF LT.-COL. THE HON. CECIL BISHOPP, AT LUNDY'S LANE.

A Guardsman's Grave.

(Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert in the *Brigade of Guards Magazine*.)

We were standing on the battle field of Lundy's Lane, within the sound of Niagara's falls. The sun, almost tropical in its heat, was endeavouring to pierce the heavy mists which clung to the earth, and a damp gloom enveloped the old burial ground. The custodian of the enclosure drew our attention to various relics collected after the fight of the 25th July, 1814, one of the last of many desperate encounters between the British and United States forces which marked the desultory struggle lasting from 1812 to 1814, and in low tones pointed out the resting places of those honoured dead. Some, alas, were unmarked, save by a crumbling head stone, which ere long must yield to the decay of neglect, and like the forms beneath them pass away.

A stone tomb, considerably damaged by exposure to the Canadian climate, overgrown with grass and wild flowers, and surrounded by rusty iron rails, carried our thoughts back to the old regiment as we deciphered the following inscription:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
LT.-COL. THE HON. CECIL BISHOPP,
1ST FOOT GUARDS,

And inspecting field officer in Upper Canada, eldest and only surviving son of Sir Charles Cecil Bishopp, Bart., Baron de la Zouche in England. After having served with distinction in the British Army in Holland, Spain and Portugal, he died on the 16th July, 1813, aged 30, in consequence of wounds received in action with the enemy at Blackrock, on the 13th of the same month, to the great grief of his family and friends, and is buried here.

This tomb, erected at the time by his brother officers, becoming much dilapidated is now, 1846, renewed by his affectionate sisters, the Baroness de la Zouche and the Hon. Mrs. Pechell, in memorial of an excellent man and beloved brother.

"Stranger, whose steps ere now, perhaps, have stood,
Beneath Niagara's stupendous flood,
Pause on this shrine where sleeps the young and brave,
And shed a generous tear o'er Cecil's grave,
While pitying angels point through deepest gloom,
To everlasting happiness beyond the tomb,
Through Christ who died to give eternal life."

The great struggle in which Napoleon was engaged against the whole armed force of Europe has cast into the shade the record of that in which a handful of British troops, Canadian volunteers, and Indian auxiliaries, maintained the integrity of British North America against the attacks of the neighbouring republic; but a local chronicler gives the following short account of the manner in which young Bishopp met his death.

"On the morning of the 13th July, 1813, in company with Lieutenant-Colonel Clark and Lieutenant James Cumming, backed by 240 men, Bishopp swooped down upon Black-

rock, the American naval station, on the river Niagara. The assault was successful in complete destruction of the naval stores by sinking them in the river. The enemy's force was aroused, and the British commenced a steady retreat, Bishopp being the last to retire. Our men had re-embarked, and the greater portion were safely landed, when, in the confusion, some of the oars of Bishopp's boat were lost; she drifted helplessly, exposed to an ever-increasing fire, and here our gallant leader received his death wound. He was borne back to his quarters, where, in a few days, he expired, and was reverently laid to rest in the little burial ground of Drummondville, as the village of Niagara Falls was then called."

The next year the Battle of Lundy's Lane, as a final incident in the long struggle, raged round Bishopp's grave. The ground was literally strewn with friends and foes, and hundreds were buried side by side in the trenches. Now the mounds can scarcely be discerned through the summer's rank grass. Many brave men and true patriots sleep beneath the soil they earned so dearly, and for these also the tablet placed to Bishopp's memory at Farham, in Sussex, England, may be inscribed.

"His pillow—not of sturdy oak;
His shroud—a simple soldier's cloak;
His dirge will sound till time's no more,
Niagara's loud and solemn roar.
There Cecil lies—say where the grave—
More worthy of a Briton brave?"

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

CHERRYFIELD, Sept. 11th, 1891.

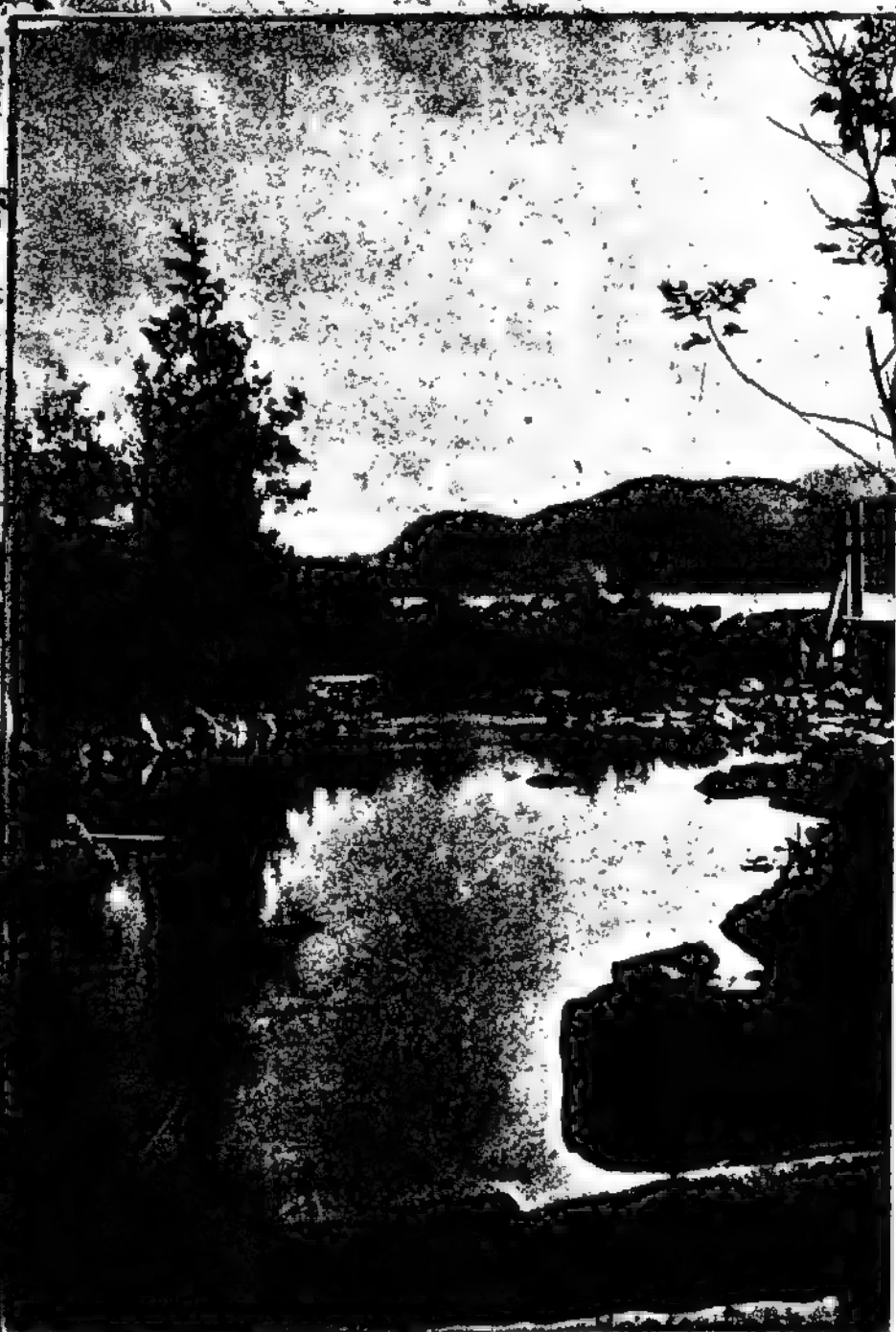
DEAR DOMINION,—

To cultivate and keep a wise good fellowship is part of our proper concern; Maine, New Brunswick, Quebec—in fact Canada, touch; therefore they should not be touchy.



led distance of the sea, so caressingly balmy the closing of ripple on the beach, we felt as much exhilaration as was consistent with wakefulness. We did not notice, as the *Sappho* glided toward the Island City, that all signs portended the coming of a spirit more comfortable in his approach than in his presence. But when the morning broke, from his bald crown down to the seaward margin, "*L'Isle de Monts Deserts*" was capped with sea-fog and swathed with rain; and we were obliged to forego the pleasures of rustication, leaving to some selecter season the eyrie of Flying Mountain, and the romantic glen of Duck Brook.

After all, the chief spell this witching place exercised upon us was from afar. The sorcery vanished at touch of that world whose countervailing splendours are focussed at Bar Harbor. It was on that glorified Tuesday of our return, when skirting the beautiful Sullivan shore—by that road which, before it plunges suddenly into the woods, holds a fascinating bewilderment of sea and land in prospect,—that we saw it bathed in that peculiar radiance that comes when and whence we



EAGLE LAKE

know not,—“the consecration and the poet's dream.” We wondered if ever the Norsemen were indeed there; and what the old voyager, whose name is so inexpungably written on this continent, would say now, could he sail hither. We loitered, in thought, about the dewy vale of St. Sauveur, where first the Cross was planted and the Frankish lilies waved, and breathed our ineffectual malediction on the brutal Argall, by whose murderous fire,—

“Beneath his shattered cross,
Du Thet, the gallant, sleeps.”

We mused of our friend by the Pennamaquan, who counted the Lamoine and Eden coasts a Paradise without the snake:

He praised Mount Desert's craggy shores,
Her woody vales and leaf-hid rills;
I matched Somes' Sound with the Bras d'Ors,
And Kebo with the Ardoise Hills,—
Till, with a kindred ardor moved,

He wondered at the land I loved,
And planned the social trip with me
Home to my native Acadie.

But when the panorama had glided by, and the forest had closed about us, we fell—my muse and I—into the following metrical quantity:

MOUNT DESERT.

For a smack of the wave and a breath of the forest,
For the laugh of the stream and the sheen of the sea,
I turn, Mountain Isle, where thou shinest and soarest,
And find all of grandeur and beauty in thee!
Break, break on her cliffs, all ye surges of ocean!
Ye cloudy piles, sweep o'er her turrets of stone!
Ah, how can I stand without awe or emotion,
Where Nature has builded her palace and throne!
Thou tarn of the eagle, 'mid mountains uplying;
Thou organ of Neptune—Anemone Cave;
Thou Mount of the Winds, where the torn mist is flying.
For me your delights and austerities save!
The changelings of folly, O how can they know thee!
Thou frownest, encroached on by fopling and flirt;
But the wise shall the wreath of their praises bestow thee,
And ring out thy glories, O wild Mount Desert!

This may do for a song, rough-hewn; but who can retire satisfied who has not at the least attempted a sonnet?

CHANGE ON MOUNT DESERT.

How changed since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!—Roberts.

How changed the scene, where this majestic isle,—
Fondled of ocean, greets the presiding sky,
With firm-built wall and mountain dome on high,
And turrets as of some cathedral pile,
Lit up by sun and sea and summer's soile,—
Since first it won Champlain's adventurous eye;
Or Argall's murderous caraval drew nigh
This Eden of the woods with blood to defile.
Here,—where are reared the homes of Wealth and Pride,
Where Fashion leads abroad her glittering train,
And Care seeks solace of the summer seas,—
The Jesuit Fathers came at eventide,
Waking these wilds with prayer and chanted strain,—
Charmed by the waves' perpetual litanies.

But Fathers Biard and Massé, except as “blessed ghosts,” are not now wanted here. La Saussaye might retire farther into the woods than when Argall was upon him; and Quentin or Du-Thet must look with wondering eyes on this “Pride of the Summer Sea,” with its two hundred costly palaces; its 40,000 visitors; its eighteen great hotels; its homes, marts, churches and pleasure houses; its bay docted with fleets and navies. The past is well buried under the present, and it requires a poet to breathe the wish:

Fall softly, blossoms of the Century-tree!
Long would we keep our Isle's historic fame;
Teach thy blue waves to whisper, faithful sea,
St. Savior's ancient name?

OPINIONS.

He said: “The opinions of everybody used to engage a great deal of my credulous attention. Tom and Dick and Harry, were Thales and Solon and Solomon, to me. Dulleass, conceit, presumption and ignorance stood transfigured in my estimation. Did he not say so? Was not the assertion broadly made? Has he not the confidence of his opinion? I am being gradually weaned away from these precious follies of my youth, and the former conclusion of my mind is wearing from me, since I have found it erring and unprofitable. “Vox Populi” is now growing to be the voice of people worth listening to, whose intrinsic thoughts commend themselves, whether from known or unknown; and “Vox Dei” is in no other case the voice of the people than as it is the voice of such people, thinking and feeling rightly, and speaking because they strongly think or deeply feel. As for opinions, myself, of course, shall be judge as to their worth and validity to me. Can any one else do other than help me to judge?”

He said so!

Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
that he hath obtained this independent wisdom, this competency of judgment?

The same man also said of our vocations: “Depend upon it, my friends, our work is, in the manner of its accomplishment, an exposition of ourselves. The thing done, and the manner of doing it, must appear as a record of character, eloquently proclaiming what manner of men we are. It tells us whether it was for love we wrought, or for pay. And if into what we do, be it in itself ever so

* Eden is the name of the town, or township, of which Bar Harbor is the all-attractive centre.

Last week we set foot on the craggy shore of the Desert Isle,—which, for a solitary place, is still well populated. Our coming was ill-timed for the tourist's purpose,—for we were there on duty,—but we picked up such sweet crumbs as fell by the wayside as we went along. And, mark you, there is manna falling on every desert. We went thither in a sort of golden haze, and by a coast of enchantment. So strong was the air with the odor of wine, so clear and resonant was it, so sheeny the enamel-

worthy, we put no heart and no conscience; but if we lay in, instead of these, our indolence, our indifference, our cupidity, our spite and grudges, then there goes a curse, rebounding to our inmost life, from every nail we drive, or brick we lay, from every paragraph we write, or every sentence we enunciate; and we have no alchemy by which we can transform this crumbling clay of ours from clay to iron, or from iron to gold.

Half-roasted never can be raw."

Exact, O worthy Censor! But so in this mighty sum must the preacher also be included; and he must shape his life by the line he prescribes for others.

* * *

As the contribution of a valued friend to our *melange*, we annex the following verses on him whom, it seems, we must no longer regard as the Ayrshire ploughman:

BURNS,

[His right to a place among the greatest poets of Europe being no longer in dispute, to speak of him still as the Ayrshire bard is almost as dull an affectation as to follow his own example and call him Rob, or Robin.—*John Service*]

Now no more the Bard of Ayrshire—
Once a better name denied—
Whom the lords of Edinboro
Thought to humble at their side;
But the sweetest of all singers
That the world has ever known,
With a fame for which these nobles,
Could they now, would give their own.

Now no more the Bard of Ayrshire,
But the Poet of the Heart,
In whose songs of love and pathos
Nature leaves no room for art;
Who has shown the lowly peasant
Has as fine an eye and ear,
Has as keen a sense of beauty
As the wigged and powdered peer.

Now no more the Bard of Ayrshire,
But the sharp-tongued satirist,
Shaming now the titled idler,
Now the pulpit dogmatist;
Hating, with an honest hatred,
Cant and all hypocrisy;
Hating caste and holding manhood
As the sole nobility.

Now no more the Bard of Ayrshire,
But the poet dear to all
That regard the tenant only,
Not his cottage, or his hall:
Loving justice, life is better
Since his tuneful work began;
For 'tis God like to consider
Not the raiment, but the man.

—RALPH H. SHAW.

Nevertheless, we think that, in his objection, Mr. Service inclines to stiffness, if not affectation; since we do not conceive of Burns as the Ayrshire Bard or Ploughman only. We are not all Washingtons or Broughams, and we love these little familiarities. And while we are glad that out of Mr. Service's dictum our friend has dugged a root for his pleasant little flower, we still have unshamed a secret leaning toward Rob, Robb, Robbin, Robbie, "and that sort of thing."

PASTOR FELIX.

A transcontinental railway is under construction in Australia, and that great continent will ere long be traversed from South to North by a line of rails which will penetrate vast regions still unpeopled and largely unexplored. Nearly 600 miles of the line have been completed from Port Adelaide north to Angle Pool, while on the north-end a road has been built from Port Darwin south to Pine Creek, leaving a gap of about 1,100 miles, which will be reduced over 400 miles this year by construction from both ends.—*Railway Age*.

Mr. Henry Mott, Librarian McGill University.

Mr. Mott was born in London, Eng., over sixty years since, and was educated at Merchant Taylors School, one of the old foundation grammar schools of which England may well be proud; he was intended for one of the learned professions, but the whirligig of time brought its changes, and he drifted into commercial life, in which many active years were passed. With considerable literary taste, and a huge love of books, he tried journalism, and was well known in newspaper circles; he wrote much for the *Canadian Spectator* and the *Montreal Herald*, over the *nom de plume* "Quevedo Redivivus" and "A Voice from the Crowd." Mr. Mott

was one of the charter members of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, and he has done service as chief editor of the society's magazine; he also did faithful service in compiling the catalogue of the Caxton Exhibition in 1877, and of the exhibition of Historical Portraits, held in 1887, both having been under the auspices of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. Four years ago Mr. Mott succeeded



to the librarianship of McGill College (vacant through the death of Mr. Taylor), and in this important position, so congenial to his tastes, and for which he is so especially fitted by education and his wide book knowledge, he has gained the good opinion and esteem of all with whom he has associated; and the hope that many years of usefulness may still be in store for him will be shared by his numerous circle of friends.

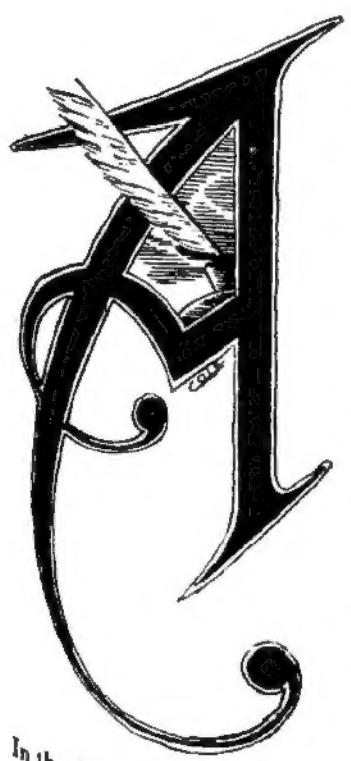


VIEW OF THE LIBRARY OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY—(see next page)

McGILL COLLEGE LIBRARY.

"My library was dukedom large enough."

—SHAKESPEARE.



AMONGST the institutions which call for honourable mention, and of which Montreal may well be proud, there are few more valuable and useful than the library at McGill College; its growth has been steady, and year by year it has been strengthened by donations from various sources.

The first available record of the Library is to be found in the College Calendar for the session of 1858-59, where it is said that "The Library of the Faculty of Arts contains 1,800 volumes of standard works, selected with especial reference to the wants of Professors and Students."

In the Calendar for the following year the number had increased to 2,000; in 1865 it had reached 5,000, and in the Calendar for 1866, 6,000; in 1872, 9,000 is recorded, and through the liberality of many friends the number has gone on increasing until at present the Library numbers 31,000 volumes.

The most munificent donor has been Mr. Peter Redpath, whose first donation of 1,129 volumes may be said to have given the impetus which sent the Library forward by "leaps and bounds." The donations from Mr. Redpath have been continued yearly without intermission, until, without questioning, the "Redpath alcove" is not only the gem of the Library, but it is probably the finest and most valuable collection of historical works in Canada.

There are many other donors whose names should be recorded, who have given generously, and have aided in building up a library of which a well known bibliophile says: "I know no other collection of books with so few weak or unworthy books in it." Amongst these donors may be noted:—

A donation of \$4,000 from the late Mr. William Molson; the valuable collections of the late Mr. Frederick Griffin and Judge Mackay; the generous and valuable gifts of several hundred volumes from Messrs. John H. R. Molson and Charles Alexander; the collection of the late Dr. Robson, of Warrington, Eng.; a complete set of Victor Hugo's works (46 vols.) from the late Mr. Thomas Workman; bequests of \$1,000 from Hon. J. W. Torrance and Mr. R. A. Ramsay; the valuable collection of Shakesperian books, gathered by the late Mr. T. D. King, was secured through the liberality of Sir Donald A. Smith and Mr. W. C. Macdonald, and it may be added that both these gentlemen have, on several other occasions, given generous aid; also gifts from many other individual donors.

In addition to these the Library has been largely strengthened by valuable yearly donations from the McGill College Book Club and the Graduates' Society, until it stands to-day a grand monument of the princely munificence of its host of friends.

We learn that a further gift of several hundred volumes on Engineering and Electricity are about to be added through the generosity of Mr. W. C. Macdonald.

In addition to the before-mentioned, there are upwards of 15,000 volumes in the Library of the Medical Faculty and about 3,250 in that of the Law Faculty; the grand total, therefore, of books possessed by McGill College is little short of 50,000 volumes.

The value of the Library is not fully conveyed in recording the number of volumes, without briefly reciting a few of the very rare and costly books to be found amongst its treasures; the following, taken at random, may be noted:—

Audubon's "Birds of America," 4 vols., the elephant folio edition; Audubon's "Quadrupeds of America," 2 vols.; Lord Kingsborough's "Mexican Antiquities," 9 vols.; the Lord Vernon edition of "Dante," 4 vols.; Eaton's "Ferns

of North America," 2 vols.; Scudder's "Butterflies of the Eastern United States and Canada," 3 vols.; "Fac-Similes of MSS. relating to America," 4 vols.; Wyon's "Great Seals of England;" "The Eikon Basilike of Charles I., 1649;" "Pinker's Collection of Voyages," 17 vols. The oldest book in the Library is the "Aurea Legenda," of Vovagine, Basle, 1490. Many first editions are there, as John Selden's "Fleta;" Sidney's "Arcadia," etc., etc., and the original edition of Dickens' "Master Humphrey's Clock," in 3 vols. There are also many complete sets of Societies' publications, e.g.: Hakluyt, Surtees, Early English Text, and English Dialect Society; the Maitland Club, Abbotsford Club, and others.

In books relating to Canada and America, the Library is especially strong, the early historians and others being there, —Ramusio, Jacques Cartier, Champlain (editions 1613 and 1642), Creuxius, La Potherie, Charlevoix, La Hontan, Sagard, Lescarbot, Hennepin, La Salle, Le Clercq and many others.

The present library building, and the William Molson hall above, was erected by the gentleman whose name it bears, in 1861, but the growth of the College has been so

extraordinary that neither the Library nor the Hall are large enough for its present requirements; that some more ample accommodation may be forthcoming is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," indeed it is rumoured that such a desideratum will be furnished at no very distant date.

We give a view of the interior of the Library and the *vera effigies* of the librarian, Mr. Henry Mott, whose uniform courtesy and kindness have done much towards making the students feel at home. Mr. Mott is gifted with a remarkable memory, and he seems to have a nodding acquaintance with his 30,000 companions, and the cheerful willingness with which he replies to the host of queries submitted to him daily, and with an almost unerring certainty finds the "best book" on any subject, is nearly past belief. In the words of Goldsmith:

"Still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew."

A New York journalist who has for many years been an editorial writer on a high tariff paper has abandoned leader writing to become a clergyman in the Episcopal Church. "He is as yet," remarks a Chicago paper, "a man of only middle age, and he hopes that if allowed to pursue his priestly duties until the close of a long life he may be able to make amends for the continued career of misrepresentation entailed upon him by the exigencies of his former position."



THE CANADIAN MILITARY RIFLE LEAGUE TROPHY.—(See page 315.)



A Comfortable Waterproof—Straight Soles—How to Boil Potatoes.

I cannot say that I am much enamoured of mackintoshes. They have unpleasant habits, one of which is to run the water off their surfaces in a fringe of drops at their lower edge. Another is to stick together when creased, or sat upon, particularly if any warmth comes near them, and still another is to tear when fluttering in the wind, as well as—last but not least—to smell abominably. It is absurd that in order to be dry, one should have to submit to all these varieties of discomfort, and

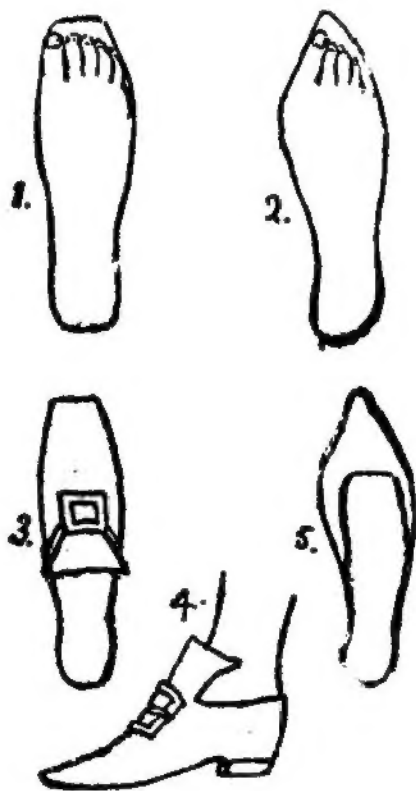


with so-called waterproof tweeds, I am not sure that one is much better off—for they can get wet through whilst certainly keeping off moisture from the inner woman for a long time. So at last I have tried the following of which I give you a sketch, and so far I can certainly recommend it from experience. The outside is in soft woolen material like that of a shepherd's plaid or any other checked pattern of different heather mixtures you prefer. The front is, as you see, not tight fitting, though the back should be carefully shaped to the figure, and tied in round the waist. The sleeves may be put in or taken out according to taste, as they are made to button to the armhole by little tabs. The cape may be made long or short as you like and fastens down in front by two buttons to prevent blowing up

when driving, or walking. The whole cloak is very complete, and not expensive.

...

Straight soles, and why people should wear them to their boots and shoes is a thing to which I would much like to draw your kind attention. Of late years a certain delusion has seized the shoemakers that the true and natural shape of the foot is as shown in No. 2 of the accompanying sketches. So they have diligently set to work to make a sole, a shoe, and a boot on those lines, ending in an exceedingly sharp point, such as that of No. 5. Please notice the result of this unnatural curved shoe and its pointed toe on the form of the foot. The toes are all pressed together, and being thrown forward by the high heel generally made to this form of boot or shoe, the joint of the large toe is thrown out, whilst the toe itself is pressed back by the sloping side of the shoe's point. Look at the



foot of a little baby, or any child that wears no shoes, and see how straight is the natural foot, as in No. 1, up the inner side, where no wrongly made outside covering has distorted the toes and joints. It is no wonder that people have suffered from bunions and corns when the "fingers of the foot" are pressed up into such a mash as those in No. 2, which is in reality not half so tight as they really are. It is just a little disgraceful that we of the nineteenth century can torture our feet in a way that in even a distant fashion emulates those of a Chinese lady of rank. People may admire pointed toes, but the foot looks a great deal smaller, narrower, and finer in a square-toed, straight-soled shoe such as No. 3, than in a sharp-pointed thing like No. 5, which perforce throws out the joint at the side. I do not say that the ridiculous shape of square toe that hails from America is to be recommended, for that looks as though the shoe had been cut off at its widest part right across. The round of the toes should be slightly followed without doubt as in the now fashionable shoes worn in France, and christened after Molière, the great dramatic author in whose time such shoes were fashionable, as Nos. 3 and 4. There are few shapes so comfortable, as I can tell from experience, nor I think that make a pretty foot look so well as these. Shoe-makers will always make you a straight sole to your boots and shoes if you ask them, and insist upon it, and I am sure once you have tried them you will never care to return to the other most hideous deformity. You may like to know what French ladies are wearing just now, and consider suitable. Three different styles may be worn for walking out in the morning; either the laced-up boot, tan leather shoes or what is the most elegant, though they quickly get soiled, the white kid shoes. When paying visits in a carriage the Molière shoes or those of patent leather with flat English heels are the most useful. For evening, black patent leather, or *glacé* kid shoes with a loose bow of ribbon, or little solitaire of old silver instead of the bow, are worn.

How to boil potatoes is a thing that, if you ask them, of course everyone knows—at least they think so. But the "proof," alas! for them, "of the pudding" and the potato, is in the eating, and what a failure that often discloses. There should be no mystery about it, and yet how few cooks understand it. Indeed, it is a curious fact that the grander (in her profession) the cook, the less trouble she takes to do common things well—for example, boiling potatoes. That is quite beneath the immense scope of her talent, so it is left to the kitchen or vegetable maid, who crams them on to the fire in hot water, to boil away as hard as ever they can; and when they are served, even though they may be floury outside, you will find what is called "a bone" in the middle. Where people do not depend chiefly on potatoes as their food, you will nearly always see them carelessly cooked, which is truly a sin and a shame. Ireland is the place, and next to it Wales, where potatoes are well treated in the cooking, and those who know how to eat them in perfection will have them boiled or steamed in their skins. Still better are they baked; and then with butter, pepper, and salt mixed up inside them, eaten with an egg-spoon, like a boiled egg. People talk of boiling potatoes, and I have so headed this paragraph, but as a matter of fact potatoes should never be allowed to boil. Irishwomen never boil potatoes, for they put them into the saucepan in cold water, and directly they come to a boil in goes a small dash of cold water, which throws back the boiling process, and cooks them the more thoroughly. I was very glad to see a leading article on the much ill-treated tuber the other day in one of our largest circulating papers, but whilst it strongly advocated potatoes done in their jackets, it offered no suggestion as to how that was accomplished. In England we are very stupid, and do not half make use of potatoes, which are indeed capable of cooking in endless varieties. But of course if we will tolerate the wateriness, and greasiness of our average English cooking, which are its two chief faults, we cannot expect to do justice to, nor to enjoy potatoes as they should be enjoyed.

A Plea for Sad Songs.

It is the fashion nowadays amongst a large class of people to decry all that is mournful, pathetic, or sad in literature, poetry especially. Now, this is a great mistake. It is not a sin to be sad. What are the natures that cannot suffer and be sad? Are they worth anything? Are they capable of heroism? Can they even know true happiness? And who really cares for them? In our best moments we are sad, not glad. And why? Because life is sad, and it is only when we selfishly hide ourselves, as it were, from trouble and care that we can think otherwise. I am no Pessimist. I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness, but there are times for sadness, as well as for gladness, and if there are times for sadness, then, also, there must be songs of sadness. When we are happy and joyous, we like to hear laughter and glad songs. When we are in a melancholy mood, the same merriment pains us, and to try and join in with it often means madness. At such times let that fortunate poet who has the gift and the faculty divine sing sad songs for us poor dumb poets. These songs will give expression to thoughts which we ourselves have been denied the power of making vocal, and we will be relieved and soothed. This is the poet's vocation. To find proper clothing for the naked thoughts, which struggle and fight like unruly children to leave their home, the mind, but which we dare not let depart unattended. Some of these children trouble us greatly and we would fain put them away. They are the sad thoughts. But the poet takes them, and because they are not so pleasing in themselves as our other children, the happy thoughts, he clothes them in his most eloquent music, and the world, when it hears aright, says: "The sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

"Oh, give her then her tribute just,
For sighs and tears and musings lowly
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy."

And these are the words of one of our kings of laughter,
Tom Hood.

EDITH EATON.



THAT handsome trophy for which the Montreal and Toronto lacrosse teams have been playing all summer will be just one more piece of plate to decorate the M.A.A.A. club house. The odds were too great against Toronto. Their team was not in it. It made one apparently brilliant effort, but it is evident that the Montrealers were caught napping and learned the lesson well enough not to be caught again. There is still one more match in the arranged schedule, but it will have no bearing on the ultimate result. A very strange rumour has been agitating lacrosse circles since this Montreal-Toronto match, and I hope there is no foundation for it in fact, though the enquiries being made at the present time may eventually lead to a different conclusion. "Win; win fairly if you can; but win anyhow," is said to be the new crest spoken of in some lacrosse clubs. The question also is said to have arisen in some minds whether it would not be possible to beat ten men, when twelve were out of the question, which being considered a rather brilliant suggestion, meant simply that two men were to be got rid of somehow, without being particular whether ruling off or "doing up" was the chosen method. Well, Toronto had a chance of playing against ten men and also against eleven men and were still "done up" to their heart's content. Excellent at giving, not quite so good at taking, they lost heart at the crucial moment, and thereby hangs the tale. The important office of referee was filled in a strange way. The ordinary school boy would object to be punished in school for what he did out of school, still that seems Mr. McGee's way of doing things, and ruling a man off for the whole match for resenting by a blow remarks made between games seems like stretching the powers of even a referee a little bit too far. The other case of ruling off was another peculiarity. The man supposed to have been fouled declared he had not been fouled, but the referee simply said "he had given his decision," and that ended it. He has made a couple of precedents that referees in future want to paste in their hats, because it is not likely that any sensible team, with an ambition to win, will ever again accept his offices on the lacrosse field; "once was enough for them." With such handicapping it is almost to be wondered at that Montreal should have come out the victors, but a kind of Providence or something—perhaps it was plain old Anglo-Saxon grit—stuck to them, and they won. The teams that took part in this now celebrated match were as follows:—

Montreal.		Position.	Toronto.
E. Shephard.	Goal.		S. Martin
J. Patterson.	Point.		C. G. Carmichael
J. Wilkinson.	Cover Point.		J. S. Garvin
J. Louison.	Defence Field.		Joe Irving
J. Michaud.			Paul Carmichael
D. Barry.	Centre.		J. A. Garvin
T. Patterson.			C. Langley
T. Carling.	Home Field.		F. J. Dixon
H. A. McNaughton.			W. Gale
A. Hodgson.	Outside Home.		Geo. Keith
W. Hodgson.			H. E. Sewell
W. Geraghty.	Inside Home.		P. Scholfield
J. H. Brophy.	Captain.		George Irving
Ivan.	Umpires.		Senkler
Referee—Capt. J. C. McGee.			

The annual games of the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada took place in Toronto on Saturday last, and from an athletic point of view were a decided success. Nearly all the athletes whose names are famous the world over were there and they acquitted themselves creditably. It was a pity that Carr, of the M.A.A.A., went lame in the final of the hundred. He would undoubtedly have captured the event instead of Luther Carey. This was a decided disappointment to all but the American athletes. In putting the shot there seems to be another Richmond in the field, or else it looks as if the Grays were a shot-putting family.

Joseph W. Gray is not near his brother George's form, but he surprised some of the big fellows on Saturday although his put was not placed. It was expected that George Gray would smash the shot-putting record, but he fell 2½ inches short of the mark. In the 16 lb. hammer throwing competition the Canadian record was broken by Queckberner, of the Manhattan club, his throw being 131 feet 3½ inches. The half mile record saved itself by a second and a half, and it was one of the few events of the day when a Canadian was placed, Waldron, of the Montreal A.A.A., running a splendid second to Dohm, who won with a couple of yards to spare, while George Paris, of the Montreal Junior Lacrosse club, was third. In the 220 yard run the Detroit contingent had good cause for enthusiasm, as Harry Jewett, of the Detroit A.C., after a splendid race, improved the Canadian record by one-fifth; Carey was second, and Irving, of the Toronto Lacrosse club, was third, a good position when the fast men who beat him out are considered. The Manhattan men had a mortgage on the three-mile walk, which was won by Harry Curtis, who holds the world's record. On Saturday even Nicholl could not push him. Detroit captured another championship when it came to the pole leap, Theo Luce climbing over at 10 feet. A. A. Jordan, of the N.Y.A.C., could get no higher than 9 feet 6 inches. Mitchell and Queckberner both sent the Canadian record flying when the weight was swung out of their hands. The hurdle race was perhaps as pretty and exciting an event as any of the day. Four started, and they were all flyers. Right up to the last hurdle all came down abreast, but Ducharme, of the Detroit A.C., had a little bit left in him, and he won by a foot. The mile was won by A. B. George, but there was a surprise in store for the spectators, as Geo. W. Orton, of Toronto, pressed the winner hard enough to make him break the Canadian record. Orton will be heard from before long. In the quarter mile run, Downs showed the way to Mortimer Remington, and Waldron, of Montreal, was a good third. Remington had the lead most of the way, but a magnificent spurt won the race for Downs. In the broad jump, the mark reached was just 3½ inches less than the Canadian record. The rivals, Carter and Coniff, met in the half mile, and the official handicapper was not in it. The two mile bicycle race was the last event of the day and brought a most successful meeting to a close. Four records were broken, one was equalled, and in the nine other events the old mark stands. Following is a summary of the results:—

100 yards run—
Luther H. Carey, Manhattan A. C. 1
H. Jewett, Detroit A.C. 2
Time, 10 1-5 secs.

220 yards run—
Harry Jewett, Detroit A.C. 1
Luther H. Carey, Manhattan A.C. 2
Time, 22 1-5 secs.

Quarter mile—
W. C. Downs, New York A.C. 1
Mortimer Remington, Manhattan A.C. 2
Time, 51 1-5 secs.

Half Mile—
W. C. Dohm, New York A.C. 1
G. S. Waldron, Montreal A.A. 2
Time, 2 min. 1 1-5 secs.

One mile—
A. B. George, Manhattan A. C. 1
Geo. W. Orton, Toronto A.C. 2
Time, 4 min. 27 2-5 secs.

Two mile run—
T. P. Coniff, Manhattan A.C. 1
E. C. Carter, New York A.C. 2
Time, 9 min. 58 1-5 secs.

120 yards hurdle—
F. T. Ducharme, Detroit A.C. 1
E. E. Barns, New Jersey A.C. 2
Time, 16 2-5 secs.

Pole vault—
Theo. Luce, Detroit A.C. 1
A. A. Jordan, New York A.C. 2
Height, 10 feet.

High jump—
A. Nickerson, New York A.C. 1
F. Edwards, New Jersey A.C. 2
Height, 5 ft. 11½ inches.

Broad jump—
George Schwegler, New York A.C. 1
E. E. Barns, New Jersey A.C. 2
Distance, 22 ft. 4½ inches.

Three mile walk—
W. H. Curtis, Manhattan A.C. 1
C. L. Nicoll, Manhattan A.C. 2
Time, 22 min. 59½ secs.

Putting 16 lbs. shot—
Geo. R. Gray, New York A.C. 1
J. S. Mitchell, New York A.C. 2
Distance, 45 ft. 10½ inches.

Throwing 56 lbs. weight—
J. S. Mitchell, New York A.C. 1
C. A. J. Queckberner, Manhattan A.C. 2
Distance, 32 feet.

Throwing 16 lbs. hammer—
C. A. J. Queckberner, Manhattan A.C. 1
J. S. Mitchell, New York A.C. 2
Distance, 131 ft. 3½ inches.

Two mile bicycle race—
W. M. Carman, Woodstock A.A. 1
W. Hyslop, Toronto B.C. 2
Time, 5 min. 45 1-5 secs.

At the annual meeting of the C.A.A.A. the Ottawa delegation applied for permission to hold the games next year, and after considerable discussion the request was refused. The games will be held in Montreal, on the M.A.A.A. grounds, certainly the best place in Canada. The only important business done by the meeting was inserting a clause in the constitution that spring championships, open to Canadian amateurs only, may be held at some place different from the regular fall championships. Notice of motion was also given that a permanent secretary and treasurer should also be appointed. This is a move in the right direction, which should have been taken long ago. The new officials of the association are:—

President—Geo. R. Starke, M.A.A. Association.
Vice-president—C. H. Nelson, T.L.C.
Second vice-president—J. G. Monk, Montreal.
Secretary—W. S. Weldon.
Treasurer—J. L. Patton.
Committee—Messrs. Martin, Taylor, Ottawa; Pearson, Higinbotham, Starke, Macdonnell, Toronto; Kendall, Woodstock; Dodds, Cleghorn, Montreal.

The football season will begin in Montreal to-morrow, when the Lennoxville players will tackle the present champions for senior honours. Up to last year McGill had a bad spell for several seasons, but at last the hard work done by Mr. Hamilton bore its fruit, and he saw his fifteen climb to the topmost heights. Now that Mr. Hamilton has gone, the question is, will anybody be found to prove so strong an organizer and one with the magnetism to hold the men together. From the present outlook it seems as if the struggle would be between the old rivals—the Montrealers and Britannias—but still there may be another surprise in store.

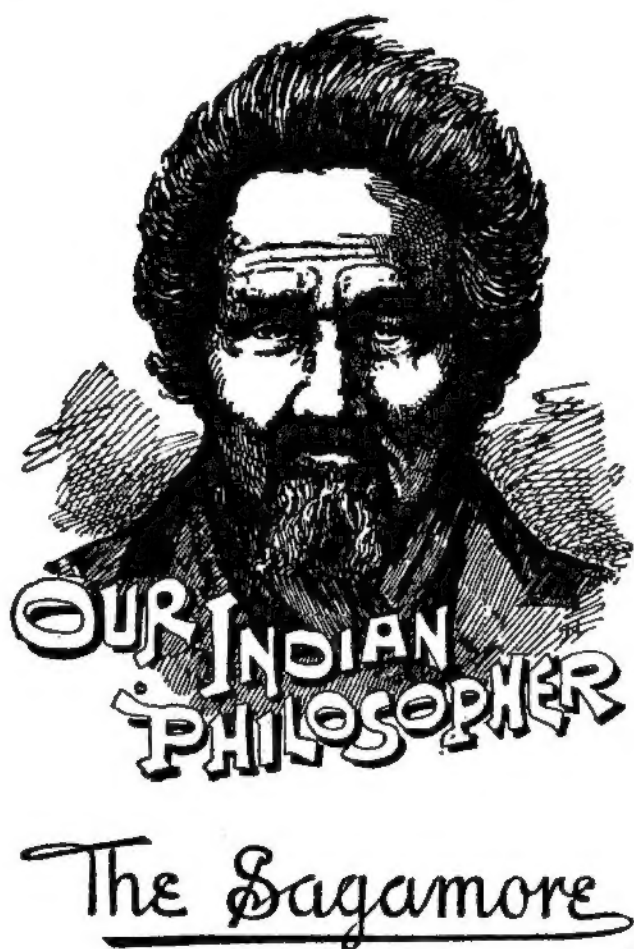
The fall meeting of the Ontario Jockey club was a success as far as the attendance and the races were concerned, but the entries were slim. For a club like the O.J.C., which has added considerable to its finances at the previous meeting, the fact of giving a one-day meeting looks just the least mite small; it does not appear to be the sort of business that would attract owners, and just as soon as the owners stay away it is good betting that the public will do likewise.

The showing made by the Montreal gentlemen who put in a bench show at the exhibition was one which ought to meet with the congratulations of every lover of the dog. The entries were not as numerous as might have been reasonably expected when the generosity of the management is taken into consideration. The exhibit did not quite comprise four hundred dogs, but there were no poor ones in the party, and the crowds that attended the show recognized the fact that a bench show need not confine its enjoyment to those technically versed in canine lore.

The Hunt steeplechases are looking towards being the best in the club's record, and as a splendid programme has been arranged there is a great deal of pleasurable excitement among the men who like to see cattle going over timber.

R.O.X.

The tired newspaper man finds rest and quiet these hot days perusing the summer resort guides that float into the sanctum on the wings of the torrid breeze. He extracts about the same amount of comfort from them as did the poor devil who ran out of coal one cold winter's night—painted his stove red and turned his imagination loose.—*Wilkesbarre Record.*



THE reporter mopped his forehead and heaved a sigh of relief as he fell into a seat in the cool shade of the sagamore's domain.

"Old man," he said, "the weather in Montreal has been hot enough lately to boil ducks in the ponds around there. Yet here

it is the end of September. For nearly a fortnight we have sweltered and groaned in an atmosphere that would be a credit to July in the tropics. Just when people had begun to put on heavier clothing they had to go back to the thinnest apparel to be found in their wardrobes. Such a freak of the weather has never occurred before that I know of. Nobody up there can account for it. Can you?"

"You ever hear about Sodom and Gomorrah?"

"Yes," said the reporter, "they were burned up, you know, with fire and brimstone, on account of their wickedness."

"They growed upagin," said Mr. Paul, "in this country. I hear good many people say so."

"Where are they located?" the reporter queried.

"Sodom, he's called Ottaway," replied the old man, "and Gomorrah he's called Quebec."

"Well," said the reporter questioningly.

"Montreal," went on Mr. Paul, "he's half way between Sodom and Gomorrah. That's what makes him so hot."

"Oh?"

"Yes," pursued the old man, "that's what's the matter with Montreal. If you want healthy weather there you got to move Ottaway up into Hudson's Bay and Quebec down onto Anticosti."

"Faith, we might do worse," said the reporter. "If we sent them there and the people kept up their present temper for making it hot for one another the result would give us open navigation of the Bay and the Gulf and river all through the winter. I am sure that either the heat of an opposition arraignment or the warmth of a government repudiation would melt an iceberg off hand."

"It would," said Mr. Paul, "and if you move 'um there you won't be so likely to git choked with that brimstone when they burn up himely."

"True," admitted the reporter, "quite true. This thing shall be done. I'll communicate with Larkin, Connolly & Co., or Mr. Pacaud or some other big contractor and have them shifted right away. I'll also consult 'His Lordship' the mayor and Mr. St. Louis. This thing must be attended to at once."

Full of his patriotic scheme, the reporter crushed his hat over his brows and hurried away, altogether regardless of the heat.

The Editor's Leisure—"I'll wait until you are at leisure," said a caller to the editor. "I'm afraid I'll be of no use to you when I'm dead," replied the editor.—*Epoch*.

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

The Hon. Ginpig Jewsharper.

There is likely to be a sharp contest over the election of deputy district inspector of beer bottles in the township of Crank Hollow, Illinois. There are several candidates for the position and all sorts of issues, including various kinds of hard liquor, are being imported into the contest. The favourite of fortune just now appears to be the Hon. Ginpig Jewsharper, whose portrait is herewith presented. The



honourable gentleman has had a distinguished public career and enjoys the confidence of all classes. It was with extreme reluctance that he allowed himself to be put in nomination at the present time, but his friends were importunate and the issues such as seemed to require the active interposition of a man of sterling worth and unchallenged probity. Hon. Mr. Jewsharper is a native of Crank Hollow and has a distinguished military record, holding the rank of Corporal. During the war his regiment was several times in action, and he bears to this day the mark where he was struck by an idea and left for dead. In fact he was at first returned in the list of those killed. After the war he returned to Crank Hollow and engaged in the brewing business, being steadily engaged in that line at a dollar a day until five years ago, when he opened a saloon and has since amassed wealth. No one questions for a moment his eminent fitness for the position to which he now aspires, and his election will simply be a recognition of his great merits as a citizen. The Hon. Ginpig Jewsharper has hosts of friends throughout Canada, who will watch with the keenest interest the result of the contest. Hon. Mr. Jewsharper was, in his younger days, the champion light-weight of his county and a scrapper of no mean record. He has always been in favour of closer trade relations with Canada, and as a pork breeder has no superior in the state of Illinois.

The Summer Hotel Bill.

"By the way," remarked a guest to the landlord of a summer resort as he paid his bill and started away, "do you permit your help to accept tips?"

"Why, n-o-n o," he said with nervous anxiety, as he glanced back over the account; "you haven't got any money left, have you?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Visitor—I understand that you want some painting done.

Editor—Yes; I wish a sign painted at the foot of the stairs. It is for poets to read after I fire them out; and as they generally alight on their heads you had better paint it like this:

DON'T SLAM THE DOOR.

—*Truth*.

English as She is Spoke.

Mr. A. Gay Youngman, of Columbus, Sundayed here with friends.—*Lancaster Gazette*.

He Sundayed there, we must presume,
Because he wanted quiet,
And dinner-ed there because he liked
The Lancasterian diet.

He may have paper-ed there a while
Or yellow cover book ed it,
Or marv-ll-ed, after he had meal-ed
How well the people cooked it.

Perhaps he hammock-ed in the shade
And just cigar-ed a little,
And puffed the smoke into the air,
And cuspidor-ed the spittle.

Or, maybe he'd a sweetheart there
And afternoon-ed about her,
And vowed that ne'er till he was graved
Could he get on without her.

Perhaps her mother at that point
Came in and mother-in-law-ed him
Perhaps her father carriaged r-p
In style and overawed him.

Perhaps, however, they were not
Disturbed in either fashion;
They may have parlor-ed it alone
And rocking-chair ed their passion.

Perhaps he supper-ed with his dear,
Then hurried to the station,
And train-ed and street-car-ed to his home
In great exultation.

—*Columbus Dispatch*.

Intelligent Critics.

Scene—A Cricket Match. Dramatis personæ—Three ladies.

First lady—"Why do they both run?"

Second lady—"I can't think."

Third lady—"I wonder they don't have two balls, and bowl from both ends, they would have much more play." (Umpire calls "Over.")

Second lady—"Why are they all walking about now?"

First lady—"I should think they must want to stop and talk a bit."

Third lady—"Which side do you take?"

First lady—"Oh, I want the man who is standing up here, near us, to win, he has got such a pretty coat on."

Second lady—"I wonder how much longer we ought to stay? I feel very dull."

First lady—"It won't do to go away too soon, or people will think we don't like it."

Third lady—"I wish I knew a little more about the game. It looks so silly not to know anything."

First lady—"Oh, you have only got to keep on saying 'Run it out!' whenever either of the batsmen hits a ball, and people will think you know a lot about it."—*Home* shine.

Stray Notes.

A True Friend.—Bronson: Do you ever read your work to any one before you send it out?

Funniman—No, not now. I used to read it all to my friend Banks, but he is dead.

Bronson—Poor fellow! No wonder.—*Life*.

Criticus—I see Mr. Mansford advertises that "incessant applause" greets his new play.

Man About Town—Yes, the audience is afraid that if it lets up a bit they'll hear some of the lines.—*New York Telegram*.

The Boston Summer Girl.—Madge—This summer resort reminds me of what the professor said of the primary geological formations.

Evelyn—How's that, dear?

Madge—It contains no trace of man.—*Life*.